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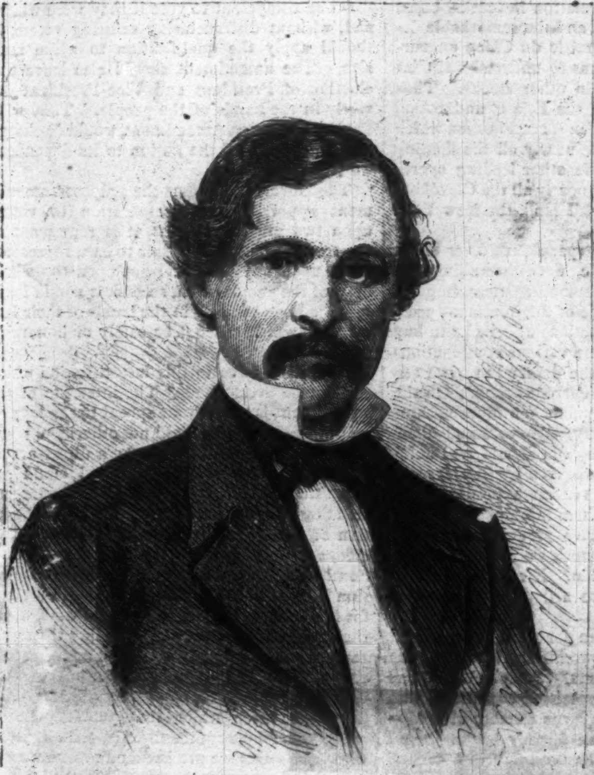


GENERAL WARD, OF MASSACHUSETTS, KILLED IN CHINA, October, 1862.

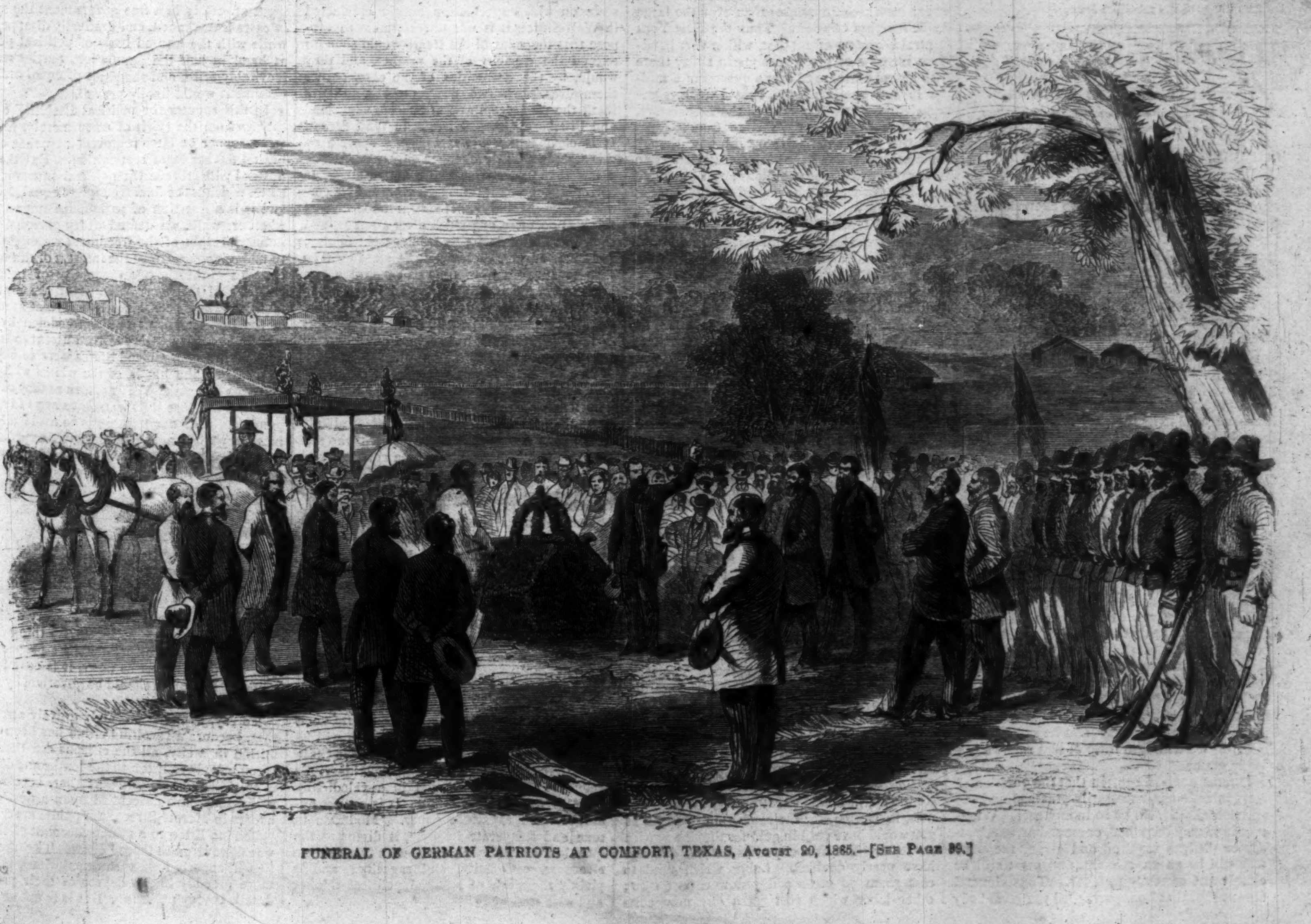
GENERALS BURGEVINE AND WARD.

Our latest advices from China mention THE DROWNING WHILE IN IRONS OF GENERAL BURGEVINE, the Chief of the Taepings, whose portrait is here given. BURGEVINE was a New Yorker, and went to China several years since. It will be remembered that in 1861 a Bostonian named WARD, whose portrait we also give, organized a force of American and Chinese soldiers, under European and Chinese officers, to repel the invasion of the tribe of barbarians known as the Taepings. This force was for the defense of Shanghai, and was commanded by WARD. BURGEVINE was WARD'S second in command, and succeeded the latter when WARD was killed in October, 1862.

It was not long before the Chinese Governor of the province, by delaying to pay BURGEVINE'S soldiers, excited a revolt among them, the General taking sides with his men. BURGEVINE took violent measures to obtain the money to pay his men, and was ordered to resign his command, which he refused to do. The result of the quarrel was that BURGEVINE with a portion of his men went over to the side of the Taeping rebels. He subsequently had quite a number of actions against his old command, now led by Major GORDON, and was rather roughly handled sometimes. He found it quite as difficult to get along with CHUNG WUNG, the Taeping leader, as with the Governor of Shanghai, and by means of spies he informed GORDON that he would surrender himself, and as many Europeans as he could induce to follow him, if pledges would be given of security to his life. GORDON gave the pledges. Accordingly BURGEVINE surrendered; the pledges at first were kept, but finally were broken, and BURGEVINE was recently drowned in irons, thus closing his very eventful career.

The Taeping rebellion commenced in 1850. The leader of the rebellion, SIU TSUEN, was an ill-instructed convert to Christianity. In 1833 he had received from an American missionary a package of tracts in the Chinese language, which he put in his pocket, and thought no more of them until five

GENERAL BURGEVINE, OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY KILLED IN CHINA.



FUNERAL OF GERMAN PATRIOTS AT COMFORT, TEXAS, August 20, 1865.—[See Page 39.]

years later, when, after a violent illness, during which he had seen visions and uttered prophetic rhapsodies, his notice was attracted to the package. He read the tracts with avidity, and, connecting them with his visions, he set out to make converts to his new religion. It was not long before he had 2000 adherents in the single district of Keyel. His attempts to overthrow the temples and rites of an idolatrous worship created so great excitement that he was compelled to retire to private life. The Insurrection of 1850, starting among the restless and wretched people of the province of Canton, soon became, under his leadership, a formidable rebellion. It was styled the Taeping (or Peace) rebellion. In four months he had a powerful and disciplined army. He assumed the title of Tien Wang (King of Heaven), and declared himself the brother of Christ. He and his army carried every thing before them. In 1853 even the great city of Nankin surrendered to him, and he put to death the inhabitants to the number of 20,000. Nankin then became the Taeping capital. Having accomplished thus much, the terrible fanatic retired into absolute seclusion. In the mean time the Imperialists were besieging his capital, and nearly drove Tien Wang and his followers to starvation. In this emergency the Taeping chief composed a doxology, which was shouted by his army daily, the more vehemently as the rations grew more scanty. Finding no relief in this religious exercise, Tien Wang tried what virtue there might be in a sortie against the besiegers. This was successful, and Tien Wang (or, rather, Chung Wung, his military lieutenant) attacked Shanghai, but the English naval force defended the city with their navy, and made great havoc among the rebels. The rebels were leisurely in their movements, and during the war between the allied forces (France and England) and the Chinese Emperor, which terminated in 1860, they contented themselves with plundering the region about their capital.

Since 1860 they have been more active. December 9, 1861, they captured Ningpo, and butchered the native inhabitants without mercy. They then moved against Shanghai, in defiance of the notice given by France and England that they should defend the city. The rebels now began to lose ground. A number of French and English officers were employed by the Chinese Government. But none of these were so distinguished as the American General Ward, who was mortally wounded September 20, 1862, in an engagement with the Taepings near Ningpo.

The Taepings retained their capital, though they lost the important city of Soochow December 5, 1863. There was a general massacre of Taepings upon the fall of the city, very much like that which recently followed the Jamaica riots. The war was continued in 1864. The Taepings lost whole provinces and large numbers of prisoners, but they were reinforced, and traveled without provisions, devastating the villages and committing frightful atrocities on their march, showing no mercy even to foreigners. Finally, however, Nankin, the rebel capital, was taken by the Imperialists July 19, 1864. Chung Wung, the highest military chief of the Taepings, was also captured, and was "cut into a thousand pieces" in Nankin. From this time, though the Taepings keep up the war, they have lost continually, and the rebellion is nearly smothered.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 20, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

THOSE who are disposed to consider the President's action in relieving his Provisional Governors, and authorizing those lately elected in the Southern States to exercise their functions, as hasty and even discourteous to Congress, should remember that it is merely another essential step in the course which he has pursued as Commander-in-Chief. The President properly wishes all the conditions of his experiment to be satisfied, and he does not assume to dictate in any least degree to Congress.

What was the problem he offered to the unorganized States? It was to present to Congress a form of government which Congress could properly recognize as Republican; and it was essential to its complete presentation that it could be seen in operation. Therefore he has authorized the governments to go into action. But he has neither promised that Congress shall recognize them as fully satisfactory, nor admit representatives without farther conditions and consideration; nor has he restored the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* to the unorganized States.

All that the President has done is to restore the forms and methods of civil government under the immediate observation of the United States. There are obvious advantages in such a course, for it tends to bring civil society back into its old channels; it habituates the people once more to the processes of peace; and shows them by renewed experience the superiority of civil to military rule. Had he withdrawn military rule altogether his course would have been perilous in the extreme. But he says merely, "Let us see with how little of that rule we can safely get on."

It must not be forgotten that the question of reorganization is necessarily practical and experimental. It will be so in any case. Whatever laws may be passed, or amendments adopted, or pledges required and given, the work will still be an experiment, and must still be closely and carefully watched. Thus General Grant says that he is persuaded the great body of the Southern people have acquiesced in the result of the war; and he hopes that civil government may be soon re-established. But his good sense does not desert him. He does not say that because they have acquiesced and because speedy civil governments are desirable, therefore the troops should be withdrawn and the whole matter left in the hands of the acquiescent mass. On the contrary, he is of opinion that for a long time there must be a military supervision of these States.

So with the President. He authorizes the Governors to exercise civil powers, but he does not restore the *habeas corpus*, and he does not declare the unorganized States to have resumed their functions in the Union. To do that would be to decide a question which he has expressly referred to Congress. It seems to us that the perpetual distrust of the President which appears in some quarters is wholly unjustifiable. His purpose is certainly beyond suspicion. His fidelity to the freedmen is proved. He has his own theories of the status of the States, of the limitations of his power, and of the wisest policy of reorganization. But it will be time enough to doubt and denounce him when he declares that he is willing, without another word and exactly as the case now stands, to recognize the entire resumption by the late rebel States of all their functions in the Union, to withdraw every soldier from the South, to abolish the Freedmen's Bureau, and to intrust the late slaves without further ceremony or security to the absolute control of the late masters.

BAD NEWS FOR THE BULLS.

The Secretary of the Treasury has not yet commenced to attempt to contract the currency, though a better time at which to try the experiment can hardly be conceived than the present, money being very easy, Five-Twenties in good demand, and business generally prosperous; but there are indications in Wall Street that the downward turn in prices which was to ensue from the inauguration of the policy of contraction may perhaps not wait for that event. There are ominous signs in the financial sky; being interpreted, they mean that about these days it may be well to beware of stocks.

In the first place, the receipts of the railroads are diminishing. The Chicago and Rock Island fell off $118,000 in December; the Michigan Southern $42,000; the Chicago and North Western $17,000. It is reported that the trunk lines will not show a corresponding decline. But as all shippers are aware that freights have been reduced from 25 to 40 per cent. within a few weeks, and that active competition for business is again revived, the report is not generally credited. On the other hand, company after company, when brought face to face with the facts, is compelled to confess to a larger increase of expenses than even the large traffic increase of 1865. Thus the New York Central Directors admit that, with a very handsome increase of gross receipts in 1865, there is an actual decrease of over a quarter of a million in net receipts; the Erie Directors acknowledge, in their report to the Legislature, that their expenses have risen from 65 per cent. two years ago to 80 per cent. now, though their gross receipts have in the mean time risen from twelve to fifteen millions; the Michigan Southern Directors, who passed the dividend at midsummer 1865, in order to make sure the dividend of Jan. 1866, passed that too, notwithstanding gross earnings of nearly $5,000,000, the Cleveland and Pittsburg Directors, who, two years ago, were firmly persuaded that they could and ought to pay 10 per cent. every year to their stockholders, confess that 4 per cent. is the most they can pay, and to pay that, an issue of $1,000,000 new stock is necessary; the Chicago and North Western Directors, who assured the public in their report only a year ago that their preferred stock was as certainly dividend-bearing as any stock in the country, pass the fall dividend without a dissentient voice.

These are ominous facts—and not the less so because they can be accounted for on very simple principles. Within the past three years every thing in the country has advanced in cost except railway fares and freights. Every thing which can be put on the back or into the stomach; every necessary of life and every luxury; every article of use and every article of ornament; every utensil and every product of industry; labor that is skilled, and unskilled labor, has advanced from 50 to 200 per cent. in cost. Alone among all purchasable commodities railway travel and railway freights have not advanced since the Government and the banks suspended specie payments. You may still travel from New York to Chicago, from Boston to Saint Louis, from Washington to Buffalo, or any where else, for the same sum in greenbacks which the same journey would have cost you in gold in 1861. You may send a barrel of flour from Chicago to New York, or a case of goods from New York to Louisville, Kentucky, or a bale of cotton from Cairo, Illinois, to Boston, for the same sum in paper as you would have paid in gold for the like service in 1861. Yet the expenses of the railways have nearly doubled. Labor which used to cost them 75 cents a day now costs $1 30; other labor which cost $2 a day now costs $3 50; iron which cost $45 a ton now costs $75; wood which cost $2 75 per cord now costs $4 50, etc., etc. It is no wonder that, notwithstanding a steady development of gross traffic, net receipts should fall off; and should the December decline in gross receipts continue in succeeding months, it will not be surprising if some of our railway companies become once more bankrupt.

This condition of affairs is the more interesting as Wall Street for a month or more has been engaged in speculating for the rise in the leading railway securities. Thus Erie and Pittsburg, which sold in April and May last @ 45 per cent., sold within a week at 97 per cent.; Fort Wayne, which sold at 87, touched 107 last week; Rock Island, which was down to 85, is up to 108; Michigan Southern, which was 46, is 74; New York Central, which was 81, is 97; Reading, which was 92, is 107; North Western preferred, which was 45, is 61, etc., etc. A notion prevailed some time ago that the first months of 1866 were destined to witness an active speculation in stocks, based on the ease of money; and the remarkable defeat of the Bears in Prairie du Chien encouraged other combinations to undertake similar "cornering" schemes in other stocks. Thus the veteran director of the Erie is understood to be the leading spirit in a combination which has accumulated all, or nearly all the floating Erie in the street, while other leading operators have bought all, or nearly all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, the Rock Island, the New York Central, etc.

Should the expected speculative fever break out, should the public, notwithstanding the decline in net, and, in some instances, in gross receipts, and in the face of the imminent prospect of currency contraction, undertake to buy stocks for the rise, these various combinations stand ready to supply the demand at a not exorbitant advance upon current prices. On the other hand, should the public continue, as heretofore, for at least sixty days, to stand aloof from stock speculations, and should real holders of railway stocks, alarmed by the increase of expenses and the reduction of dividends, determine to convert them into money, the various cliques which have secured such large quantities of floating stock would be placed in an embarrassing position. Forced realizations would probably involve a decline of 15 or 20 per cent.

There is one chance for the Bulls of Wall Street which is more promising than it may at first appear to outsiders. Such publicity has been given to the unpromising condition of the railway interest that a large number of professional speculators have already begun to sell stocks for the fall. In the event of a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. this Bear party would receive large accessions of strength. On the scale on which speculation is now conducted in Wall Street, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the sales of the Bears would soon far exceed the capacity of the market, and they would, by the necessities of the case, corner themselves. In two days, on 5th and 6th inst., the whole capital stock of the Cleveland and Pittsburg changed hands in Wall Street. It is clear that when speculators operate on this scale, a shrewd manager only needs to buy a few thousand shares of an active stock, to borrow money on it, and lock it up, and a corner results inevitably. It stands to reason that this will occur in one stock after another, and that, in spite of declining traffic, tight money, and other adverse circumstances, stocks will be seen to advance from time to time, at a rate and in a way that will puzzle those who try to account for current quotations on theories of intrinsic values, and punish, if not ruin, the judicious operators who have sold short that which they have not got and may not be able to get.

In a word, there are times when the public will do well to let Wall Street bury its dead. The leading stocks of the day are selling for more than they are worth, and are more likely to fall than to rise. But speculators who sell them short are more likely to be cornered and to be ruined than to make money. Those who buy and those who sell, on speculation, have the chances equally against them. Bona fide holders will not risk much by selling their property and trusting to the events of the current year for an opportunity of replacing it at lower figures. But if Harlem could be put up to 280, and Prairie du Chien to 250, there will be no difficulty in putting Pittsburg to 500, or Rock Island to 1000, if the silly Bears of Wall Street undertake to sell it short.

GOVERNOR ANDREW'S VALEDICTORY.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, upon retiring from five years' service, which will be always memorable in the history of his State and of the country, has expressed his views upon the national situation in a valedictory message to the Legislature. It is a most admirable and sagacious paper. Moderate in tone and temperate in style, it discusses the question of reorganization with remarkable clearness, catholicity, and sagacity; and is plainly the work of a sound political thinker and wise statesman.

The Governor's view of the actual condition of the unorganized States is that of the great intelligent body of American citizens. They are not Territories, in the technical sense, nor have they committed suicide. Their attempt to destroy their relations with the Union has been unsuccessful, and they are now without government other than the military rule of the United States. It is the duty of the United States to supply that government. In the preliminary steps to that end the organic law of the State before rebellion may be wisely observed. The reorganization may be intrusted to the same body that disorganized, but requirements may be rightfully imposed upon it.

What these requirements should be is a consideration of statesmanship, of expediency. In the opinion of Governor Andrew Congress should offer an amendment to the Constitution granting the right to vote for President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress to colored men in all the States, being citizens and able to read, who would by the laws of the State be competent to vote if they were white, and, without disfranchising existing voters, it should apply the qualification to white men also. The amendment should also leave the election of President and Vice-President directly in the hands of the people. This, with the Emancipation Amendment, would discharge the whole duty of the nation to its dependent wards.

The Governor opposes the proposed amendment apportioning representation to voters upon two grounds. First, it is repugnant to the true republican principle to base representation upon any class and not upon the whole body of the people; and, second, it would leave the freedmen entirely in the hands of their late masters, which can not be safely or honorably done.

There is a force in this last objection which can not be overlooked. The intention of the amendment is to do by an appeal to the love of political power what could not otherwise, it was thought, be effected except by a direct act of Congress, which it was supposed could not carry the country, and in which the unorganized States would not acquiesce. The assumption of the amendment is, that to retain or increase their political power the whites of the South would enfranchise the blacks. The question is, would they do so? In South Carolina, for instance, as Governor Andrew asks, would the whites, for the sake of doubling the representation to six members, be willing to concede three to the blacks with the chance of their obtaining the whole six? Would they not rather have the three which they now elect than offset them by another three? This is a fair question. But we are inclined to believe it to be only a temporary question. With the lapse of time and the necessary political development of society in a free government the spirit of caste is weakened, and gradually disappears; while with the unused basis of political power at hand in half the population, parties would inevitably arise, and the party of equal enfranchisement would finally prevail.

In this country the political disability which springs from the spirit of caste merely, is sure to be sooner or later removed, now that caste has no farther legal recognition. But the industrial will precede the political surrender of caste, which is the final triumph of equal rights; and it is a question of paramount importance whether, while we defend every personal and industrial right of the freedmen, we ought not to make it appear to be the interest of the white class to grant them an equality of political rights? If the mere passage of the amendment were to be considered a sufficient security of the just treatment of the freedmen by the whites, and upon their enforced assent to it the keys of the unorganized States were to be delivered into the hands of the whites with the privilege of treating the freedmen as they chose, we should oppose it as warmly as any of its opponents. But our purpose is to avoid all unnecessary friction. As a matter of expediency it is desirable that the whites should assent to just political equality, and we would take every fair and honorable step that would promote that result.

THE LIMITS OF PUBLICITY.

What are the proper limits of publicity in cases of infamous crime, is a question which has been lately discussed with some acerbity. Yet the answer does not seem to be very difficult. Starting from the axiom that every thing which happens is not in all its details a proper subject of public report as news, it is easy to see that all publication should be governed by moral common-sense.

To say, as has been lately gravely asserted, that, because a revolting crime has been committed in a city, all the citizens are therefore "compelled" to listen to the loathsome details, is as ridiculous as to assert that, because the police may have descended upon a nest of ill-houses in Mercer Street, the public are "compelled" to listen to a minute account of all that was discovered in those houses. That the public will eagerly read such descriptions, and the more greedily in the degree of their prurient detail, is very possible. But it is not so much

the reader as the purveyor of such details who is truly guilty.

Nor is the assertion that crime perishes more surely in the daylight than in the dark a sufficient excuse for publishing all the exciting incidents of crime. Is it necessary for the warning of youth that, even if you faithfully show that MacHeath by his lawless courses came to the scaffold, you should describe with the most flagrant particularity every step in those lawless courses? Why is it that the newspapers which defend their recent detailed publication of a lamentable trial do not open their columns to an equal publicity of the details of other trials which they report? The answer to this question is the refutation of their own plea. It is simply that there is no exciting and prurient detail which promises a larger sale of the paper. It is as necessary to purge society of forgery, of larceny, of arson, as it is of adultery. Why do the papers not pour a full stream of withering daylight upon their accounts of those offenses?

This case, we will suppose a paper to say, has attracted great professional and social attention, and the press has been compelled to give it publicity. In other words, the notorious indecency of the circumstances has excited morbid curiosity, and the press has chosen to turn a penny by gratifying it. The duty of the press was to censure and withstand this kind of attention, not to foster it. It was not necessary to omit all mention of the case. But every thing necessary to the public moral improvement of the trial could have been mentioned without the circumstantial reports which were presented.

The immoral influence of the story of great scoundrels, we will suppose another paper to say, is in the fact that only the pleasant episodes and not the dreary and dreadful end are related. But is, then, an obscene book, the history of an outcast, told with unshrinking detail, the full daylight turned on in faithful illustrations, if only the shameful and destitute death be likewise portrayed, a high moral influence upon young minds? It is not the thing done, only, it is the way in which the thing is done which determines the moral influence.

NO MORE AMERICAN BOOKS.

UNLESS the Commission which has the revision of the Revenue Law in charge should recommend a modification of the tax on printed books, and Congress should act upon the recommendation, we shall soon cease to print any books at all. A more careful study of the facts leads us to the conclusion that our recent estimate of the relative cost of books printed here and the same books printed in England was too liberal to the foreign printer; we now judge that a book can be printed and published in England for *one-third* the cost of the same book here. Of course, under such circumstances, the tariff proves no obstacle whatever to importations, and should the present state of things continue, it is clear that, in the course of a few months, the publication of American books will be reduced to those works which can not be produced abroad.

It is understood that the Revenue Commission is favorable to a reduction of the internal duties on books—fifteen in number, as they have been calculated. It should be hoped that they will lose no time in laying their views before Congress. In order to aid them in their deliberations, we present a single item, which is a fair sample of scores:

The *Sunday Magazine* is a periodical published in London, the price being *sixpence* a copy, exclusive of postage. Of this Magazine 10,000 copies are imported for sale in this country, the importers affirming that the market value in England is *three farthings* a copy. Upon this, by the present law, they pay a duty of 25 per cent.—that is, three-fourths of a farthing, making the whole cost here to them, duty included, just 3¾ *farthings*, a little less than two cents a copy, or $200 for the whole 10,000. The importers, moreover, demand here twenty-five cents for this Magazine, the market value of which in England, and upon which only they pay duty, they declare to be only three farthings. We shall follow up this case by other instances, of which we have at hand more than a score.

Now let us see what the cost of the bare manufacture of these 10,000 copies would be in this country at present prices. After a careful calculation we find that the paper, composition, stereotyping, press-work, and folding of the Magazine would cost here, for 10,000 copies, 14 *cents* a copy, instead of *three farthings*, its alleged market value in England. This includes only the bare cost of manufacture, making no allowance for literary and artistic labor and the cost of the engravings.

Upon these 10,000 copies the importers pay a duty of only three-fourths of a farthing, while the 75 separate taxes imposed by law upon the American manufacturer amount to at least four cents. In other words, we "protect" the British manufacturer of books by imposing upon him by way of duty only one-fifth as much as is paid by the American manufacturer in direct taxes upon raw material and labor alone.

If this continues, one of two things is inevitable: The manufacture of books here will cease, and the great amount of labor involved in it, directly and indirectly, must find other channels; or the labor must be paid for at English "starvation rates." Practically, both results will ensue. Three-fourths of our printers will be out of employment, and the others will receive pay at British rates: and all for the benefit of our British friends.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY.

THREE facts compel the attention of every citizen of the city of New York, and interest the whole country. The cholera is at hand; the city is in the condition most favorable to its ravages; and there is no hope of relief from the city itself. These three facts very impressively suggest a fourth—that if the State does not save us the city will not escape the worst fury of the pestilence.

Governor FENTON, in his admirable Message to the Legislature, reminds us that the sanitary care of the city is now confided to two separate Boards, one of which is composed of the Mayor and Common Council; the other of the Mayor and the Commissioners of Health. The powers of the former are almost unlimited; and, when convened, its duration is limited only by the official term of its members. Mayor HOFFMAN, in his Message, says that it has not met for a long time, and he sees no reason why it should be convened. The Board of Commissioners of Health is composed of the Mayor, the City Inspector, the President of each Board of the Common Council, Health Officer of the Port, Resident Physician, and Health Commissioner, and this Board, the Mayor thinks, will be able to accomplish all that may be required of it. His Honor is also of opinion that the sanitary care of the city should not be intrusted to a State Commission.

Governor FENTON, on the contrary, thinks that the success of the Metropolitan Police Law and of the paid Fire Department "furnish a strong argument in favor of some similar provision for protecting the public health of the same populous territory." In conformity with this suggestion, Senator ANDREWS has introduced a Metropolitan Health Bill. It has been prepared with the utmost care, and includes the methods which the experience of the largest cities in the world has proved to be most effective and advantageous. It is the work of no party of politicians or speculators, but of the best citizens and of men of the highest practical science. Its aim is the security of the health of the city without intrigue or delay.

The circumstances require instant and radical action. There is really no hope whatever from purely municipal agencies, and without denying the abstract truth of Mayor HOFFMAN's remark, that the city should take care of its own health, it is enough to say that no well-informed man believes that at this juncture it either can or will take the necessary care.

The bill was defeated last year; but the imminence of the cholera will, we believe, secure its present passage without serious delay. Should it fail again, the city of New York will be literally left to its own destruction.

SYCOPHANCY.

THERE are certain papers which have the very bad habit of assuming that those who do not altogether approve their projects of reorganization are ill-conditioned malcontents and visionaries who are hostile to a speedy and secure reunion. If a citizen of the United States, who is quite as much interested in the just and permanent settlement of the question as any of the papers to which we refer can be, is persuaded, upon a thoughtful review of all the evidence, that still further consideration and delay are essential before the Government relinquishes its hold upon the lately insurgent States, he is denounced as an enemy of the President's policy, and as insisting upon foolish crotchets, theories, and "isms."

Now, it is a very pertinent inquiry why the purely speculative views which the President or any other eminent citizen takes of the situation may not equally be derided as crotchets, theories, and "isms." Upon a purely speculative point—such, for instance, as the precise status in the Union of the unorganized States—it is, we presume, permitted to the human mind to speculate. It may also be permitted the same mind to doubt whether the speculations of the President, or of any paper which echoes him upon this point as it would upon every other, are, for that reason, binding upon the American people. There is no folly more absurd than this kind of effort to "whip in" the intelligent mind of the country.

For ourselves, we have full faith in the purposes of the President, whose election we warmly supported. With some of his theories we have differed. His action, upon the whole, has seemed to the whole country sensible and sagacious. In common with the country we sincerely approve the spirit and intention of the conditions of reorganization which he has imposed upon the lately rebel States. But we know of no greater mischief which could be done to American institutions, and of no coarser insult to himself, than the obsequious adulation of the President which is lavished upon him by certain papers. It is the duty of the press to reveal to him the tendency and state of public opinion, not to attempt to bully opinion into mere acquiescence with his supposed views; and we are very sure that no man can have a profounder contempt for the latter effort than ANDREW JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE skill and diligence of the Surgical and Medical Department of the army during the war are illustrated in the circulars lately issued by the Surgeon-General. The amount and value of statistics carefully collected are very great, and the mass of facts is reported as much exceeding the results of all previous similar observation.

The medical staff of the war was composed of a surgeon-general, an assistant surgeon-general, and medical inspector-general; 16 medical inspectors; 170 surgeons and assistant-surgeons of the regular army; 362 volunteer staff surgeons and assistant-surgeons; 3000 regimental surgeons and assistant-surgeons of volunteers; 2500 acting assistant-surgeons and physicians under contract, and 6 medical storekeepers. There were 202 general hospitals, with 136,894 beds for patients. More than a million of patients were treated in these hospitals, of whom but one in twelve died; and the general sanitary condition of such hospitals was never so high as in these.

The most fatal disease was camp fever; the most common was diarrhea or dysentery; and after these, inflammation of the respiratory organs. The number constantly sick was about ten per cent. of the strength of the army. The mortality from disease alone was forty-eight and seven-tenths per one thousand of mean strength in the first year of the war, and sixty-five and two-tenths in the second. The registries of the wounded are not completed.

Meanwhile the accumulation of information in regard to the extent and nature of the army sickness is enormous, and the collection of the results of microscopical observation is of the utmost interest and importance. The peculiar enthusiasm of the profession has amassed the most ample material for a medical history of the war; and it is not possible to contemplate without pride and gratitude the conduct of this indefatigable and accomplished branch of the service.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS.

THE following hard-fought game was contested between Captain M'KENZIE and Mr. C. H. STANLEY, on Monday afternoon, the 8th instant—forming one in a series of matches now in progress at the New York Chess Club. In this case the first winner of three games will be declared the conqueror:

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

BLACK (*Capt. M'K.*)	WHITE (*Mr. S.*)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q R 3
4. B to R. 4	4. P to Q Kt 4

This move is pretty generally condemned by the authorities, "4. K Kt to B 3" being generally recommended.

5. B to Kt 3	5. K Kt to B 3
6. Castles	6. P to Q 3
7. K Kt to Kt 5	7. B to K 3
8. Kt takes B	8. P takes Kt
9. B takes P	9. Q to K 2
10. B to Q Kt 3	10. Kt to Q 5
11. P to Q 3	11. P to K R 4
12. Q Kt to B 3	12. P to Q B 3
13. B to K Kt 5	13. Kt to K 3
14. B takes Q Kt	14. Q takes B
15. P to K B 4	15. Kt to Kt 5
16. P to K B 5	16. Q to Q 2
17. P to K R 3	17. Q to Q R 2 (ch)

This check, we are inclined to think, must have escaped the attention of Captain M'Kenzie, as it enables his antagonist to assume at once the offensive.

18. P to Q 4	18. P takes P
19. P takes Kt	19. P takes Kt disc (ch)
20. R to B 2	20. P takes Q Kt P
21. R to Q Kt	21. R P takes Kt's P

"21. P to Q 4" would certainly have enabled him to win the exchange of Rook for Bishop—but Black's centre Pawns would have become very dangerous.

22. Q takes P	22. B to K 2
23. R takes P	23. R to R 8 (ch)
24. K takes R	24. Q takes R
25. B takes B	25. K takes B

White's aim here is to compel a drawn game by perpetual check with Queen.

26. Q takes P (ch)	26. K to Q
27. R to Q Kt 3	27. R to R 2
28. Q to B 6 (ch)	28. K to B 2
29. R to Q 3	29. Q to K B 5
30. Q to Kt 7 (ch)	30. K to Kt
31. Q to K R 8 (ch)	31. K to Kt 2
32. Q to Q 4	32. R to Q R
33. R to K R 3	33. R to K Kt
34. Q to Q 3	34. Q to Q B 8 (ch)
35. K to R 2	35. Q to K B 5 (ch)
36. K to Kt	36. Q to Q B 8 (ch)

It is obvious that White has now the option of enforcing a drawn game, and we think he would have shown good judgment had he done so.

37. K to B 2	37. Q to K B 5 (ch)
38. Q to K B 3	38. Q to Q 7 (ch)
39. K to Kt	39. R to K Kt 2
40. P to K B 6	40. R to K B 2
41. Q to K B 5	41. Q to Q 5 (ch)
42. K to R 2	42. R takes P
43. Q to Q 7 (ch)	43. K to Kt 3
44. Q to Q 8 (ch)	44. K to B 4
45. R to K R 5 (ch)	45. K to Kt 5
46. R to K R 3	46. Q to K 4 (ch)
47. K to Kt	47. Q to Q B 4 (ch)
48. K to R 2	48. R to K B 8
49. Q to K R 4	49. Q to Kt 8 (ch)
50. K to Kt 3	50. R to Q 8
51. Q to K B 4	51. R to K 8

The effects of a strange hallucination resulting in an irretrievably lost game.

52. Q takes P (ch)	52. K to R 5
53. K to B 4	53. Q to B 7 (ch)
54. K to Kt 5	

Should White now take P with Q giving check, Black interposes Rook, winning Queen or giving checkmate at once; and if 54. P to K Kt 5 Black replies 55. R to K R 5, in either case having an easily-won game.

THE NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

The eighty-ninth session of the New York Legislature began January 2. In the Senate, Mr. Terwilliger was appointed Clerk, and the Governor's Message was read. In the Assembly, Hon. Lyman Tremaine was elected Speaker. Among the first bills proposed in the Senate was the Metropolitan Health Bill. This bill constitutes four medical men with the four Metropolitan Police Commissioners a Metropolitan Board of Health. The board is to have authority to enforce cleanliness and to have the full co-operation of the Police Department. The executive officers of the Board are to be a sanitary superintendent with a salary not to exceed $5000, fifteen sanitary inspectors with a salary of $1500 each, and a secretary with a salary not exceeding $3500; and the services of an engineer may be employed at an annual cost of not more than $5000.

GOVERNOR ANDREW ON RECONSTRUCTION.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, in retiring from the gubernatorial chair, gave his views on the subject of reconstruction in an address to the State Legislature. He thinks the admission of the States lately in rebellion should depend upon the following five conditions: Their guaranteeing equal civil rights to the negroes and to the whites; basing the elective franchise upon no distinctions of race or color; annulling the secession ordinance; repudiating the rebel debt, and ratifying the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution.

Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, would probably go farther than this. In his late Message he advocates negro suffrage and the hanging of Jeff Davis.

CONGRESS.

January 5:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented petitions of colored people in Mississippi, Colorado, and Alabama, asking Congress to secure their liberties, praying for sufferance, etc.—A memorial of the Union League of New York was offered by Mr. Morgan, praying that Mrs. Lincoln may receive her late husband's salary for the full term.—A resolution was adopted calling for information respecting Provisional Governors, their pay, appointment, loyalty, etc.

In the House, a resolution was adopted, that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the statute of 1852, providing for registering foreign vessels, and also to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that no American vessel that surrendered her register and took foreign papers during the late war, shall, under any circumstances, again receive an American register.

January 8:

In the Senate, a communication from the Mayor of Washington, transmitting the result of the recent election there, adverse to negro suffrage, was received and laid on the table, as were also the credentials of Randall Hunt, Senator elect from Louisiana.—The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce, asking protection to Northern creditors against the operations of State statutes of limitation in the South, and several soldiers' petitions, requesting equalization of pay and bounty, were presented and referred.—Resolutions were adopted calling on the President for information regarding the order issued by our military authorities in California forbidding exportations of arms to Mexico, and for the reasons why there has yet been no appointment, as authorized, of a commission to investigate the claims of loyal slaveholders for compensation for colored men owing them service who were enlisted in the military service.

In the House, a bill was introduced granting bounty and additional pay to soldiers and seamen who enlisted in 1861.—A bill was reported from the Ways and Means Committee, and ordered to be printed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue six per cent. coin bonds sufficient to fund all the floating debts of the Government.—A resolution was adopted pledging the whole power of the Government against polygamy.—A resolution was adopted calling upon the President for information in regard to the alleged kidnapping by Maximilian of Mexico of one of the Iturbide children.—A resolution was also adopted, 94 to 37, asserting as the sense of the House that the national military forces should not be withdrawn from the Southern States till their presence there shall have been declared by Congress no longer necessary.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor D. S. Walker, the regularly elected Governor of Florida, was inaugurated December 20.

On the evening of Saturday, the 6th instant, a most daring and successful robbery was committed on the express train from New York to Boston. An iron car of the Adams Express Company was opened by force, probably before the train left New York, and a large amount of money, estimated at half a million of dollars, was stolen from the Company's safe.

Mr. Elijah F. Purdy, for many years identified with the political affairs of the metropolis, died in this city at 12 o'clock on the night of January 8.

On Sunday, December 31, while a party of nineteen boys were skating on the St. Lawrence River, near Ogdensburg, the whole field of ice separated from the shore and began to float down the river. A gentleman attracted by the yells of the boys procured a boat, and by making three trips succeeded in rescuing the whole party.

Previous to its adjournment the Colorado Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

Advices from Arizona state that Mexican refugees were assembling in large numbers in order to emigrate to Sonora. The Apaches continue their barbarities. It was reported that four Indian tribes were preparing an expedition against them.

A gentleman recently returned to New Orleans from Arkansas reports that State to be in an unsettled and disorganized condition. Neither life nor property there appears to be secure.

The negroes in the South never had a gayer or more peaceful New-Year's festivity than that which they have just been enjoying. At Fortress Monroe the negroes of Hampton celebrated their emancipation with great enthusiasm.

A St. Louis Dispatch brings bad news from the Plains. The cold is almost as terrible as the Indians. In two regiments a hundred soldiers had been so badly frozen as to make it necessary to leave them in the hospital. The road below Fort Kearney was blocked with snow.

Major-General Wilson, the captor of Jeff Davis, was married at Wilmington, Delaware, January 2.

General William Hickey, Chief Clerk of the Senate, died at his residence, near Washington, January 6, aged sixty-nine years. He was one of the oldest as well as one of the most conscientious of national officials, and had been forty-two years in the service of the Senate.

There have been received by the Adjutant-General, at Washington, about 800 applications for a share in the rewards offered for the capture of the assassination conspirators. The rewards now ready for distribution amount to about $300,000. Arrangements are being made by the claimants to get possession of the rewards offered in the several States, amounting to over a million of dollars, as soon as it is announced by the Government who are entitled to a share of the money.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE President's Message met in France with the same favor it received in England. Its moderation was extolled, and many journals endeavored to explain away the Mexican affair of Napoleon as being only temporary, and not intended to defy the sentiment of the American people.

The trial of Fenians in Ireland was still going on. At Cork, on the 20th of December, Jeremiah Donovan and Thomas Duggan were found guilty of treason. The former was sentenced to five years' and the latter to ten years' penal servitude.

The cattle disease in England was declining. Returns for the week ending December 16 are more favorable, the increase in the number of cases being six; the number of cases being 698, against an increase of 1527 in the week ending December 9. There is a decrease of 180 for Scotland, while in the week previous there was an increase of 690.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

THE AUTHOR BURYING HIS MANUSCRIPT.

PREFACE.

NOT a Preface merely for preface' sake, but as few words as possible by way of explanation.

This book was written in one of the centres of Secession. Begun at the outset, it grew with the growth thereof, and closed with its ending. Owing to peculiar circumstances, the writer, never out of the pale of Secession during its continuance, had full time and opportunity for as careful a study of the period as he could wish. If he has cast the result in the form of a fiction his work is none the less as essentially true as the dryest history ever penned; and will be acknowledged to be by all who, by reason of occupying a like position during the war, are competent to speak. And it is as true, in most respects, for one region in the South as for any other, the Secessionist as a class in all its varieties, and the Union men as a class in all *its* varieties, being, in every village throughout the South, very much the same as in Somerville.

The form of a novel was adopted chiefly to make it impossible for any one to identify the place in which the scene is laid and the characters acting therein. And that for this reason: The period embraced in the story is one which will be, in all its aspects, a phenomenon interesting to men for generations to come. Other volumes will treat of other features of this most remarkable period; this book aims only to photograph the social aspect thereof from a point entirely within; and it is a period altogether too sublime, both in its evil and its good, for any thing so short-lived and insect-like as mere personalities, which, as they buzz and sting but during their brief moment, should perish also and be forgotten within the same. Yes, if there be one drop of gall, a least splinter of wormwood in these pages, the writer is ignorant of it.

Born at, and having spent almost his entire life in, the South, the writer's first affections are, by that nature which attaches every thing that breathes to its own home, with and for the South. At the very same time he entertains a love yet larger and stronger for the nation of which the South is but a part, and is powerless to refuse conviction, both of head and heart, to the truth that the whole is greater than part of the whole. Above all does he yield reverence and affection, still beyond this, to Truth, Right, Conscience, God. A love herein without the least conflict in its three degrees of positive, comparative, superlative. Toward no one, during Secession, has his hatred been even stirred. For many a one, during that time, has the writer's pity been excited—his deepest pity for the guiltiest as being the most infatuated: glad that justice, human justice perhaps, Divine justice certainly, is to be meted out; glad, also, that, save in these humble pages, to him is committed neither its determining nor the execution.

He claims no merit whatever above others, far better, mayhap, in every other respect than himself, for, being from his earliest memory, in every thought, emotion, word, deed, through all associations, oppositions, circumstances, whatever they were, a Union man—claims no merit for this, since it required no exertion on his part, he being such by a sort of nature, as a cedar-tree is not a cypress, and as an oak-tree is an oak. Conscious of many a shortcoming in other respects, he has nothing to reproach himself with in this, unless it be for excess of love to his country, which, perhaps, the times may excuse.

The very manuscript from which these lines are printed could tell a tale of its own, apart from that which it narrates, in confirmation of this. While writing it the author was perfectly aware that his life would have paid the forfeit had a written page been discovered. On more than one Sunday the wife of the writer has borne the manuscript to church concealed about her person, in terror of leaving it, like powder exposed to chance sparks, at home. However, as our story shows, that was but a small specimen of the totally new set of duties, unprovided for in the marriage ceremony, which wives had to perform for Union husbands during Secession. On two occasions the writer was obliged to bury his manuscript in the ground, thereby damaging it seriously. To *that* the printer whose misfortune it is to set up these pages will tearfully depone.

They say that even amidst rock and glacier, avalanche and tempest of Alpine regions, there spring flowers not unworthy the gathering. Who knows but it may be so with this volume, which has slowly and painfully matured its leaves under circumstances— But suppose we permit the book to speak for itself.

CHAPTER I.

"A LITTLE more powder and a little more shot
'll teach dem Yankees how to trot!"

"No, Amouse, no; that ain't the way; this the way:

"Little more shot an' little powder
'll make them Yankees holler louder!"

"No, Bub, 'tain't; you an' Amouse bofe wrong:

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee flag
That bears the stingle star!"

"Lor', Miss 'Ria, you better not sing dat—not de Yankee flag—bonner blue flag—"

"You shut up, Amouse; hush, 'Ria."

"Hush your own mouth, Bub. Hurrah for Lincoln an' Jeff Davis!"

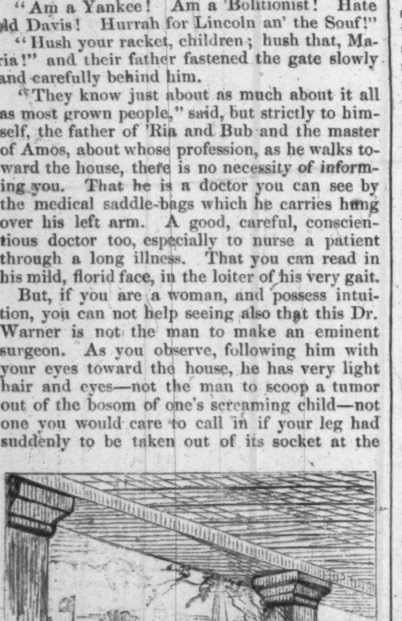
"Oh, 'Ria, I'll tell Pa what you said! Hollered for old Lincoln; didn't she, Amouse? If they don't hang you! Yonder's Pupper now, just coming in the gate. Oh, Pupper, here's 'Ria been hollering all the morning for Abe Lincoln! Ain't she a old Yankee?"

"Am a Yankee! Am a 'Bolitionist! Hate old Davis! Hurrah for Lincoln an' the Souf!"

"Hush your racket, children; hush that, Maria!" and their father fastened the gate slowly and carefully behind him.

"They know just about as much about it all as most grown people," said, but strictly to himself, the father of 'Ria and Bub and the master of Amos, about whose profession, as he walks toward the house, there is no necessity of informing you. That he is a doctor you can see by the medical saddle-bags which he carries hung over his left arm. A good, careful, conscientious doctor too, especially to nurse a patient through a long illness. That you can read in his mild, florid face, in the loiter of his very gait.

But, if you are a woman, and possess intuition, you can not help seeing also that this Dr. Warner is not the man to make an eminent surgeon. As you observe, following him with your eyes toward the house, he has very light hair and eyes—not the man to scoop a tumor out of the bosom of one's screaming child—not one you would care to call in if your leg had suddenly to be taken out of its socket at the



"HURRAH FOR LINCOLN AN' THE SOUF!"

thigh. When Nature has given a decided character to a man or woman she is very apt to hang out some decided flag of it on the outer wall: eyes of some definite color; hair red, black, or very brown.

"But, Pupper," says Bub, calling after his father, "oh, Pupper, please make 'Ria stop hollering out here for Lincoln; she's all the time doing it. Joe Staples threw a rock at us yesterday; hit our Amouse plum on the head."

"You hear, Maria. Mind what Bub says. Don't you let me hear of your hollering any more," says the father, turning half around. "Don't you know ladies never holler?"

"Oh, Pa, but yes they do!" exclaims his daughter. "Don't you know how Sally Smithers waved her towel an' hollered that day the soldiers marched?—all the ladies on the front porches—don't you 'member?"

"Handkerchief, child; but you are a little, little girl, not eight years old; you mustn't holler—"

"Yes I must, Pupper; have to holler. Amouse here, he hollers; Joe Staples hollers; Bub is always hollering; every body in Somerville is always hollering all the time."

"Well, Maria, if you must have something to holler—"

"'Bliged to," put in the little girl.

"Then holler for—Andrew Jackson;" and her prudent parent passed on into the house.

Ever mindful of the various poisons in his saddle-bags, Dr. Warner placed them on a small shelf made for the express purpose, in the hall beside the hat-stand, high out of reach of the children. Next he proceeded, with what might be styled a cautious step for a man in his own house, to the door leading into the breakfast-room.

"Ah, Sarah, breakfast over, I see," he said, first glancing in through the partly-opened door, and then venturing more boldly in, when he sees that no one is therein except the negro woman standing over the wrecks of the meal, washing up the cups and saucers.

Prey fairly in the trap, the trigger springs:

"Over, Dr. Warner? Of course it was, one good hour ago, and you knew it when you asked."

It was his wife who said it, following her voice into the breakfast-room as she spoke. She had been saying it over to herself ever since she heard the front gate click, and short and sharp enough were the tones in which she spoke.

"Gracious goodness! can't your patients fix it so we *can* have some little order about our meals? But it is all your fault, Dr. Warner. Why *can't* you just give them their physic, whatever it is, be done with it, and come home? Here's Sarah—why can't you get that coffee-pot, Sarah?—here's Sarah—and you haven't washed them plates up yet?—here's Sarah kept from her morning's work, and kept from and kept from it, and she a good six dozen washing to have done and hung out before the cows come up to-night. If I was you, Dr. Warner, I'd give up my practice; goodness knows you make little enough at it; you would make plenty if you would only collect. But precious little you'd make at any thing else!"

"It doesn't matter, Helen," ventured her spouse, whose somewhat bald head had fallen into an indescribable droop, as of one under a shower-bath, the instant his wife began. So saying, he drew his chair to the table while the servant was placing his breakfast thereon. "I have been up near all night," he continued, as he stirred his coffee; "haven't any warm hominy? Never mind, I have no appetite, any thing will do."

"That Mrs. Bowles, I suppose. Bring me my work here off the sewing-machine, and mind you wipe your wet hands clean before you do it, you Sarah;" and Mrs. Warner takes a seat at the other end of the table. "I would like to know when *she* settled last—such a lady as you always call her. And why haven't you told me what is the matter with the woman? They might have given you at least a cup of coffee."

"And so they did, Alice saw to that," says Dr. Warner, who never fails to speak the best he can of any and every one.

"Coffee! Yes, Confederate coffee, I'll bet," interposes his wife, threading her needle.

"Yes, but you couldn't have told the difference—at least, hardly;" for the Doctor is very truthful too.

"Stuff! Never tell me," breaks in his wife. "There's old Mrs. Juggins, she uses barley. You know you couldn't stand that, even the smell. Came to find out we had gone and ground it, while she used it so—only toasted. Tried not grinding, but it wouldn't do. There's sweet-potatoes, too, cut thin and browned. Mrs. Bowles's notion; you know what a sickly sort of sweet it was. Coffee! Rye, too, that is Mr. Neely's plan. Like a Yankee! Then there's Mr. Ferguson, okra seed's his Scotch scheme, as if one could get okra seed enough to last a week. Never tell me! A thing is either coffee or it ain't coffee. You are so polite you pretend you can't tell the difference—don't catch me."

"One dollar a pound," ventures her husband.

"What, gone up to a dollar? Oh, if I only was a man! If I didn't hang them. First thing you knew it was fifty cents. Next time I went in to the stores it was: 'Not one pound on hand, ma'am, sorry to say; hope to get some soon.' Yes, and when they did have some next time it was eighty cents. And all the time they were pretending to be out they had sacks and sacks of it piled away down in the cellar, or hidden under carpets and things way up in the loft. Oh, if I was only a man! Calicoes up to fifty cents; domestics, six bits; fifty cents for a tin cup; five pounds of sugar for a dollar; molasses, dollar and a quarter; shoes, eight dollars; flour, fifty dollars, or soon will be. I'd like to know what we are coming to! Mr. Barker was right—they are worse than Yankees! Our man gone off to fight the battles of their country, bleeding and dying somewhere, and they at home making money out of the poor wives, and widows, and orphans. Barker was right. Their stores ought to be just taken, the goods sold for them at the old prices. Hang them!" ejaculated Mrs. Warner, her wrath rising, as it ever did, at the sound of her own voice. "Yes, as brother Barker says, 'I could string them up with my own hands!'"

"Rather strong language for a preacher," interposed her husband, who was quietly eating his breakfast.

"As much as to say, if Mr. Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman."

Dr. Warner continues to breakfast. A little more, perhaps, of the shower-bath droop about the head. There is a pause of surprise in the eyes of his wife. She sits with suspended needle, looking at her husband. And while she is still an instant let us seize that rare instant to catch her photograph—if we can.

When Dr. Warner first settled in Somerville, years ago this 1862, Mrs. Warner was a tall, spare, shrill spinster. Other than being an exceedingly industrious and neat housekeeper Miss Helen Morris had only fourteen recommendations to a marrying man; and those fourteen had legs and could wield hoes, scrubbing-brushes, and washing-boards. Somehow or other the Doctor married her. Was it that the poor and patientless young Doctor wanted a home? Mrs. Warner very often afterward herself suggested that solution of the case. It was a special weapon in her arsenal in the worriment of her husband, which worriment was a large part of her housekeeping. Nor did she conceal her painful impression to that effect from chance company either; for it was a peculiarity of Mrs. Warner to express herself upon matters, pleasant and unpleasant, relating to herself openly, fully, and upon every occasion. Or it may be—most were of that opinion—that it was not the Doctor who married the lady, but the lady who married him. Good, easy, indolent man, he was no match for Miss Helen Morris—as natural a prey to such a woman as a mouse is to a cat.

Not that the Doctor did not have warning fair and sufficient. When he applied that day in the dirty county court office to Bob Withers, county clerk, for the marriage license, that gentleman did his best. Years after Bob prided himself upon that.

"To Miss Helen Morris—not the widow Morris—to Miss Helen Morris, did you say, Doc?" he asked, with an emphasis not complimentary.

Even when Bob Withers brought himself fairly to the task of filling up the blanks of a license he spoiled one form, and then another, with blunders, his mind evidently being on something else. And when he had dipped his pen in the ink to begin at the third it was only to stick it behind his ear, unlock the drawer in the desk at which he wrote, take out a pistol and lay it thereupon, the handle convenient to his friend. A frank and wholesome face, Bob's.

"Doc," he solemnly said, with hand resting upon the weapon, "I like you as much, by George! as any man I know. I haven't forgot that typhoid fever time. But look here, Doc. I know that Miss Helen Morris—gracious Heavens!" with considerable irritation, "who in Somerville don't know her?—and I just tell you as a friend, you see—no other possible interest in the thing—but before you marry them black eyes and that awful tongue—you see I boarded with her once—you'd better take this Derringer and kill yourself, by George! and be done with it."

But the Doctor married her.

Early in life Miss Helen may have been a brunette and all the rest. But Mrs. Warner was now sallow—only sallow. The lips were still red, but very thin. And then her eyes? Once on a time the Reverend Edward Arthur had made a pretty long trip on a canal boat, and on his introduction to Mrs. Warner, when he first took charge of the Somerville church, he had been struck with a foolish fancy that her blackly-defined eyebrows resembled the lock-gates on the canal when opening to let down the water. The fact is, the lady's eyes and eyebrows did have an oblique direction upward above the nose, giving her the appearance of being wide awake, becoming more and more oblique as she grew excited. Free as the air in the expression of herself; tough and elastic as gutta percha; electric from head to foot, the electricity quivering, as its nature is on every projecting point of the body charged, at the tips of her fingers, the corners of her eyes and mouth, in focus on the end of her tongue.

But let us be charitable. Perhaps if you, or even if I myself, had dipped snuff as long and as incessantly as she had, we too would have been as nervous as she was. But very little Bub, 'Ria, Amos, Sarah, and the rest had to endure it in comparison with the Doctor. Sharp and perpetual as were her eyes and tongue in regard to all within and without her household, the Doctor had by far the larger share thereof.

Because for him it was she cared most. Indolent, sensible, getting-to-be-corpulent, slovenly Dr. Warner! He has learned only to droop his head and take it. When it becomes too bad, and if Mrs. Warner pours her vial upon him when company—as she often does—is present, the Doctor, at the earliest possible moment, carries his drooped head out of the parlor and off the place. Yet, let us get at the eternal reason and meaning of things; for there is as solid a reason for the growth of a nettle as there is for the existence of a rose—as substantial a meaning in the existence of a mosquito as in the life of John Howard. As a needed spur—we will not call it thorn—in his side, this wife is a blessing to this husband. He married her, perhaps, with blind promptings—who knows?—

"I DO BELIEVE THAT YOU, DR. WARNER, ARE A—UNION MAN!"

from his physiological studies, because she was so unlike to himself. And she married him?—perhaps from some vague intuitions to the same effect.

If the stream of my story did not hurry me on so urgently I would like to turn out of its current for a moment and say just one word about that admirable provision of Nature, by which she preserves, in our species as in the planets, her own sacred balance. When it is not Parent, nor Pique, nor Mammon, nor any thing other than sweet Nature herself who weds you to your wife, you will find that she mates you two on the plan of a perfect compensation; that is, she makes up for the excess of any defect in one of you by an excess of the opposite virtue in the other. It was something other than Nature that made the match if you, a tall man, are wedded to any other than an undersized woman. Woe to you, Madam, if you, a blonde, are united to a fair-haired man! So of that inner nature of which the outer appearance is but the symbol. Alas for you, Sir, if you, a man of desponding temperament, are wedded to a wife of the same dismal hue of feeling! Though I believe, even in that case, Nature strives to make the best of a union in which she had no hand. I will not say how it will be if you are a man; but if you are a woman I am certain of this: however despondent you may yourself be, the instant you detect the slightest gloom in your husband's brow, or the least growl in his voice, you go instinctively to the other side of the tilting bark, and become as cheerful as possible. And the instant you give way to gloom notice how awkwardly, yet well meaningly, he, poor fellow! attempts at least to trim the tilting vessel by putting on at least an aspect of cheerfulness. Woe, then, had it been to Mrs. Warner if she had been united to some black-eyed, black-haired, black-bearded husband! Notice the union of two sable clouds in mid-air, if you would understand the result. So that when Mrs. Warner paused from her sewing and said,

"As much as to say, if brother Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman." The Doctor only helped himself in a sidelong and deprecatory manner to the butter.

"I do believe," said Mrs. Warner—"Sarah, step out and tell those children to hush that noise—I do believe," she continued in low, sepulchral tones, "that you, Dr. Warner, are a—Union man!"

Language can not set forth the awfulness of epithet implied in the charge, the canal gates opening wider and wider. "Yes, and I know now why the bells didn't ring last night! I was wondering; I know now!" said Mrs. Warner swiftly, and with a new light breaking all over her face. "Yes, and why you couldn't leave Mrs. Bowles. Worse, is she! Ha! Yes, I see it all." Canal-gates open their widest.

Dr. Warner glanced up from his plate at his wife with a flash of admiration. "What an amazingly sharp woman!" he said to himself.

"Bells?" he said, however, at last. "Bells? I should think, Helen, you would have had enough of bells night before last. Every bell in town! There was the big Methodist bell; I lay and counted no less than ten fresh hands in turn at that bell-rope before day. The first hand began as if he would break the bell to pieces, pulled until it was broken down; then you could notice the rope taken by another till he gave up exhausted; then by another, through the whole ten. I am not nervous, but I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

"Dr. Warner!" said Mrs. W. solemnly, needle, eyes, breath suspended.

"And you know I said at the time—or was it you yourself made the remark—"

"Dr. Warner!—Sarah, don't come here, stay in the kitchen till I call you.

"Well, it was one of us said it," continued the husband, very quietly sipping his coffee, looking over the top of his cup with unusual hardihood at his eager wife.

"You know I never said it!" broke in the wife. You know I never could have been such a traitor as to have said it. And if the paper that came last night says our soldiers have been whipped there in Tennessee, it's a lie! Didn't the papers night before last tell how our men had come out of Fort Donelson and driven the Hessians back through their camps, and killed six thousand, and taken all the rest prisoners, and—and—"

"Very well, my dear, you needn't be excited at *me*. Have it your own way. Suppose we talk of something else."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Bowles, Dr. Warner?" asked his wife, with sudden suspicion.

"Well," replied her helpmate, slowly, "the faculty have different names for it. There are febrile symptoms, too much excitement in the brain. Nervous, hysteria."

"Stuff; but what has made her worse? I know it can not be she has heard any bad news about that everlasting Rutledge Bowles of hers, for you would have told me so when you first came. What has she heard? Something bad, I know."

"Well, yes. But you know, my dear, Mrs. Bowles permits her mind to run too much, really too much, on the events of the day—"

"Dr. Warner," says his wife, in alarming tones though lower than before, "will you tell me the news that came last night?"

"If you wish it. Remember it may be false, you will be sure it is. In any case I didn't do any thing to bring it about."

"What *is* it?"

"Fort Donelson has fallen, my dear. General Johnson has retreated into Alabama. Nashville has capitulated. A good many more items to the same effect. At least so the paper says. I dare say part of the news may be exaggerated, premature at least."

"It's a lie—it's a base, base, base lie! I'll bet a thousand dollars the man that prints that paper is a Yankee. He ought to be hung!"

Perhaps it was owing to her cheeks having become some shades sallower that Mrs. Warner's lips seemed so much redder, her eyes and hair so much blacker than before. "Oh, if I was only a man!" she added.

Meanwhile her husband only arched his brows deprecatingly, and proceeded to eat his breakfast with a coolness, appetite, even cheerfulness, which contrasted greatly with the vehement, almost hysterical, wife at the other end of the table.

But, oh the exquisite satisfaction of Dr. Warner in imparting the news, unspeakable satisfaction at the very core of his heart, though all the rest of his anatomy might disavow it!

How you up there at the North rang your bells and blazed in all manner of illumination, and invoked the entire hive to help utter your gratification, Heaven and History well know. Your joy? It was as nothing compared with the electric ecstasy thereat which flashed unexpressed through all loyal hearts at the South. Heaven only knew it then; History shall know it forever.

"And if it is true, though I don't believe a word of it, there's some base treachery in it, or the officers were all drunk, or they were all a pack of cowards! To give up to Yankees! I do wish the Yankees had managed to kill them. I hope Davis will have them tried and hung," says Mrs. Warner.

"Why, my dear, it would take a perfect factory to keep you in rope," dares her husband, playfully but injudiciously.

"And you are not sorry a single bit!" responds his wife, turning the lightning of her rage zigzag in every direction that offers. "I do believe you are glad. I tell you, Dr. Warner, if I actually thought so, was satisfied of it, I would not care *that*, if we have been married so long. I'd—ha! no wonder you wouldn't get up that night the bells rung so. I had to hunch and hunch you ever so often before you woke even. And when you did wake, you said it must be fire, not even expecting a victory. Ought not to be too certain, you said, at the very time every bell in town was ringing as hard as could be. Dr. Warner, you are the worry of my life! And there you sit this moment just as cool—"

"But you know, Helen, I heard the news several hours ago. Besides, I've just drunk two cups of your excellent coffee. Then, my mind has been taken up with Mrs. Bowles's case. And, really, my dear," said the Doctor, eager to divert the conversation, "I'm getting uneasy about Mrs. Bowles. Such a sensitive, refined little body she is! perfect lady, too, in every respect; but she has given herself up to so much excitement for so long. Rutledge Bowles, too; the news night before last almost deranged her with joy. Then comes that news last night. The reaction was almost too much for her. I tell you what, my dear," continued the Doctor, with indolent hypocrisy, "I'm glad I have a wife who is stronger than her nerves. Glad, my dear, that you have such strong sense of your own to keep you steady these stormy times."

"No, Dr. Warner, you can't blind me. With all her aristocratic airs I know there are some things, at least, in which I can only pity. One can't help liking Alice. You never hear Rutlege Bowles from her lips—never opens her mouth about him, hardly. But, if you mean to say she loves the South more than I do—"

"But what is the use of worrying yourself? The armies are in the field, doing, I dare say, all they can. And you are doing all you can. You are out every day collecting for the soldiers, and you sing for them at all the concerts, act for them in all the tableaux, sew for them, knit, quilt. What more can you do? If one-half of the ladies of Somerville only did one-half of what you do—"

"Ah, Dr. Warner, I see what you are after!" said his wife, somewhat mollified; "but you are only from Tennessee, Eastern Tennessee at that, and you know where I'm from. What I want is for you to be more interested, excited, more like a warm-hearted Southern man. But there you go day after day with your old saddle-bags over your arm, just as you used to do, feeling people's pulses, dosing children, pulling teeth—you don't talk enough. But this news—oh, it can't, can't—"

"In your acquaintance among the ladies those that talk most, fuss most, do most of the work do they, eh? Why you told me yourself, Helen—"

"Pshaw! Dr. Warner, you know perfectly well what I mean. You are not sure enough the South is going to succeed. And you visit among those Union people just as much—more, I believe—than you do among good Secessionists. Nobody can get any thing out of you. Look at Dr. Ginnis."

"Which do you think the best doctor of the two? No, my dear, I'm a physician in large practice, I believe; all my time is taken up with my patients. Dr. Ginnis is more politician than medical man—talks about the war at the top of his big voice at the bedside of the sick, and, no matter how sick they are, for the hour at a time. If he likes, and they like, let him. I prefer to do my way, physic them, and come home to my family. You know what a quiet sort of man I am. Besides, you have patriotism enough for us both, Helen. Take your way, my dear—let me take mine."

"Yes, Dr. Warner. Oh yes; I dare say. Very fine. But what worries my life out is nobody can tell. When you are with Secessionists you are as mum as a mouse, or open your lips only to dispute something. When you are with those Union people, oh I know you! Why don't you denounce them, tell me that? Every body in Somerville is talking about you. Mr. Neely told me only last Monday, when he was here to see about Bub drawing those pictures on his black-board, as if you can expect a child to respect a Yankee teacher!—told me, humph, much faith I have in him, loud as he talks—told me Lamum told him that Dr. Peel said he really believed you were nothing more'n less than a *Abolitionist*, if the truth was known!" But to describe Mrs. Warner's emphasis on the word is beyond the power of type.

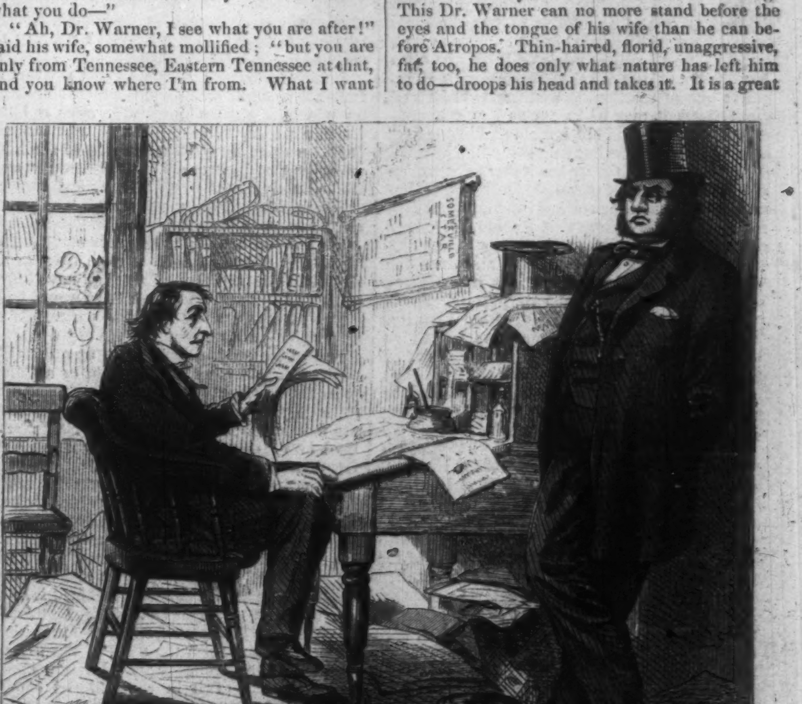
"And this great Dr. Peel knows, of course, more about me—he has been here less than a year, I believe—than you do, or than any body who has known me here for ten years," says Dr. Warner, pushing away his plate from before him.

"I told Mr. Neely to tell Lamum to tell Dr. Peel from me that it was a lie, and he knew it," said Mrs. Warner, promptly enough. "If he hints such a thing to me, the big, bedizzened old puppy, I'll slap those ears of his! But don't you go and say any thing to him," adds Mrs. Warner, who had got her husband into hot water more than once in their married life, as he rises from the table.

"Not the least fear of me. I would be a fool to mind any thing any one says of me in these days," replies her helpmate.

"But this dreadful, dreadful news! Are you sure you are not mistaken? It can't, can't be true! I'll put on my sun-bonnet and run over to Mrs. Ret Roberts, she'll know all about it. Though, poor thing! how such a man as Colonel Ret Roberts ever came to marry her, soft, say nothing sort of a thing— Oh, one thing, Dr. Warner, engage me ten pounds of coffee at Mr. Ellis's. If any body has any conscience left he's—But, Dr. Warner"—and his wife seizes upon him as he passes her—"do you really think, really now, there's any doubt about the South succeeding?"

Nature gives every living thing some mode of defense, or at least escape. People that have feeble hands generally are compensated with admirable legs. Master Fox does not pretend to the roar nor to the teeth and claws of the lion; but then Sir Reynard is not deficient in cunning. This Dr. Warner can no more stand before the eyes and the tongue of his wife than he can before Atropos. Thin-haired, florid, unaggressive, fat, too, he does only what nature has left him to do—droops his head and takes it. It is a great



"I'LL READ YOU ONE ITEM FOR MY NEXT PAPER YOU MAY LIKE."—[SEE PAGE 39.]

deal he has to take, when she is fairly at it. Spare in frame as she is, but oh, the interplatting of her eyes and lips are about as awful a scourge r need be?

Sarah, and the rest in the kitchen, take their share of Mrs. Warner black and silent as night—such the shield nature supplies them. Bub and Sis, the two children, dodge and escape out of range, with steadily growing contempt for her in her bursts of fondness and preserves as in her anger and scolding. At last, the Doctor gets the largest share of Mrs. Warner and her black eyes; he escapes by never looking up while she is carrying on. The words he simply hears. Long habit helps him there. As the storm lulls he flatters—consciously, awkwardly, transparently flatters. But, then, flattery is sweet; and here was Mrs. Warner's only source thereof.

So that when his wife pressed upon him the question last recorded, one being asked at that period over every table at the South, what does the Doctor?

"Hush, Helen; Sarah out there might hear. I'll whisper, that is, I'll let you know exactly what I really think and feel," and approaching his lips cautiously to her ear, this deceitful practitioner pressed a rapid kiss upon the convenient cheek, disengaged his arm, and was gone.

It was a little strange, such disastrous news too, but it was the first time Dr. Warner had kissed his wife in two years!

THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTING TO DESCRIBE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER II.

IT strikes me, dear reader, that every writer ought to have, from the outset of his book, a perfectly clear understanding with his reader. You have often noticed that no public speaker succeeds in what he has to say unless there be such an understanding between himself and his audience. And, among speakers, he is an orator of the highest order who, from the opening of his lips to the moment he ceases to speak, is on terms of the closest and clearest mutual understanding with those to whom he addresses himself.

Now, there is one thing in which I will venture to crave such an understanding with you, dear reader. I can not describe. You will catch my meaning when I tell you that I have sat here some ten minutes nibbling at the end of my penholder, desirous of describing to you the good town of Somerville in which our story is laid, and find it impossible to do so. It may be some step toward this to say that Somerville is situated in one of the Southern States. Which of these States it may be in, try as I may to conceal it, the reader will be certain to find out long before he reaches the last page—it will slip out, I am satisfied. Each State has its own distinct individuality, a kind of personal identity which impresses itself upon each one of its children. Now, I have reason to believe that I could, after half an hour's conversation with a stranger, tell him to be a preacher, if he was one, and even the very denomination of which he is a preacher; and so if he be lawyer, doctor, planter, school-teacher, or what not. So of State identity. Throw me one hour with a man, and I can give a shrewd guess whether he is a Southerner or not; and if I miss it in naming the very State at the South of which he is a native it will be the first time. And yet I must add one thing more, that the whole truth may be told. Very often have I met a man having all what are generally known as the peculiarities of the New Englander—reserve, caution, sharpness in trade, closeness in purse—and yet, who had never been outside of his native South in his life. And often, too, have I been pleasantly associated with one having all the opposite peculiarities of the Southerner—frank, cordial, generous, radiant with every noble impulse—what we somewhat boastfully claim to be the characteristics of a thorough-blooded Southerner, yet, at last, born and "raised" among the snows and nutmegs, not at all tropical, of New England.

The truth is, we of these American States are at last one people. Our origin and history so far, railways, intermarriage, and other powerful processes of approximation and assimilation now working, all events and forces past and present are leavening us into one, and that altogether irrespective whether we like it or not. Those of us who look upon this continent from the point nearest to that from which the Almighty regards it, well know that all things, even the most unlike, are leavening our millions by a process, which is none other than the purpose of God, into a unity infinitely sublimer than any thing and every thing we have hitherto expressed by the word Union! You know this already? Well, but let me say it.

However, it is of Somerville we are now attempting to speak. And how shall it be described? To say it contains some twelve hundred people leaves but a vague idea upon the mind. Could I describe a river as meandering beside it, or forests as engirdling it, or mountains as towering above it, that would be some help. The only objection to this is, that it would not be the truth—a level, post oak, sandy plain is its location; no mountains, no river, and but a scrubby forest.

It may assist us to say that Somerville is mainly built along one principal street, with tributary streets, like rills to a river, emptying into it on either side. The court-house, too, should be specified—a square brick building in the centre of the town. But why should one feel the strong aversion I feel for that gloomy building with its brick-paved floor below, its well-worn and exceedingly dirty stairway, its breezy court-room above, its yellow walls spangled a yard up from the floor with tobacco juice, its bewhittled benches and hide-bottomed chairs, its doors and posts beplastered with curt Sheriff's notices half print half writing, and with notices of cattle lost, written in all possible varieties of spelling and grammar?

The architecture of the four churches yields me nothing whatever to describe in regard to them. Places of worship they were—nothing else and nothing more—having in many respects a painful resemblance to the dreary court-house. And yet good, sound, practical sermons were often delivered in one and all. Sincere worship, too, as ever was offered in stately cathedral and towering minster, have those uninviting houses witnessed. Or, if there ever was lack of fervor in the morning and night services at which the white population attended, it was more than made up by the warmth of the worship on Sunday afternoons, when the black people took their turn in the churches. And you may talk as much as you please of the advantages of race and education in all respects, I defy any resident of Somerville to deny the assertion, that the practical Christianity of the colored professors of religion was on a level at least with that of the white communicants of the various churches in the place. Let us not mind so excessively much about our color and condition in this present world in other regards; if religion but land us safely in heaven there will be infinite, divinest influences operating on us there, with an eternity for them to operate in.

Nor will we say any thing of the post-office, two doors off from the principal hotel; if it will help us on to say that Smithers is post-master in the one, and Staples, Joe, host in the other, let that also be added; nor of the dry-goods stores, with the red blankets hanging at their doors; nor of the provision stores, sticky with sugar and molasses, and greasy with great piles of bacon.

I was aware of it before attempting the task; it is impossible to describe Somerville. In a journey across the State you pass through a dozen towns just like Somerville; you bear away nothing at all by which you can remember it from the other eleven; just the same sort of post-office at which the stage stopped with you to give out and to take in the mails, just the same groups idling in front of the groceries, just the same sort of tavern at which you snatch your hasty meal; like beads on the thread of your travel, the towns seem duplicates of each other. But there is to Somerville a *focus*, a point having the same relation to Somerville, and to the county of which Somerville is the county seat, even to the State in which Somerville is located, that the brain has to the body. I refer to the office of the Somerville *Star*.

Imagine a two story frame-house, not very far from the post-office. True, the huge sign-board on which is written Somerville *Star* is blown down, but then the largest half of what remains has been stood up against the side of the house on an end, and can easily be deciphered by those who already know what is inscribed thereon. All the printing is done up stairs. The editor's room you enter from the street, on the first floor. Nor need you knock; the door is never locked, and all you have to do is to push it open, if it should be shut, and walk in. You have only to introduce yourself, and you will be waved by the editor to a seat and to the last paper. If you are any body of importance, from any where outside of the county, a Judge say, or a candidate of the same views as Mr. Lamum, or a Colonel in some regiment present or prospective, you have only to make yourself agreeable, and in the next number of the Somerville *Star* you will read how "greatly gratified we were by a visit from our excellent friend," Colonel this or General that. "We are extremely gratified to learn from him," or, "We are much pained to be informed by him," and then you will read the information you may have incidentally communicated to the editor; but it will seem to you when in print vastly more important and decided in its nature than you had ever dreamed it to be at the time you mentioned it.

At the very moment Dr. Warner and his wife are conversing upon the news of the night before at their breakfast-table, Lamum and Dr. Peel are full of it in the editorial sanctum. This is not strange, however, as there is not an individual in Somerville—in the whole land, in fact, who is not at the same time conversing upon the same theme.

"I say, Lamum, between us, you know, what do you think of this news?" It is Dr. Peel who asks the question. He has read the bit of brown paper upon which it is printed some six times over, and holds it to read several times over yet before he is done.

"I think, Sir, that one half is false and the other half is exaggeration," replies Mr. Lamum, promptly. He has printed a paper too long not to know all about such things. We call him Mr. Lamum. The fact is, he is called Colonel Lamum and General Lamum and Major Lamum indifferently. Mr. Lamum by very few. Indulge me in the weakness of dropping all his titles and calling him simply Lamum. People never called him any thing else except in speaking to him.

An undersized man is Lamum. He may be thirty, and he may be fifty years old—you can form no conclusion on the matter merely by looking at him. Excessively lean; very much stooped in the shoulders; face very pale, and never changing color under any possible circumstance; nose long and sharp; thin black hair; of a swift gait in walking; prompt and sharp speech; very shabby in clothing—that is the man.

Although continually associated with people that do, Lamum never smokes, never drinks, never plays a game—at least of cards. You never catch him in a billiard-room or doggery, unless it is in search of some politician to be found nowhere else. Lamum rarely enters a church—never, in fact, save for some political reason, such as to hear a political prayer or sermon. Yet Lamum swears only when very greatly provoked. No one has ever breathed a syllable against him as a husband. In regard to his various pecuniary transactions his enemies violently assail him; but then his friends as vehemently defend him. As these transactions are enwound in lawsuits without number, it is impossible to decide upon them in advance of the jury.

One word expresses Lamum from his earliest manhood upward, heart and soul, body, mind, and spirit, conversation and conduct—in every respect from head to foot. He is a politician. Above politics, beneath politics—if it had any beneath—besides politics he has not a thought or emotion. All his reading is political papers; he holds no conversation, when he can help it, except upon political topics. He knows no ties to any living creature except political ties. As to his wife he sees her only across the table at meals, or, perchance, asleep in bed when he comes in late at night. His printer's devils have a joke that all his courting consisted of political conversation with his beloved—though why she married him Venus would have to ask of all the gods of Olympus to ascertain; perhaps Plutus could inform her. Certain it is, all of his street fights have been with political foes. There is nobody in the world—perhaps his wife excepted: he has no children, he has no time for such nonsense—loves this pale, cold, eager man.

There are many who fear him throughout his State; but oh, how unanimously throughout the State, which he rules with his pen, is he hated! Robespierre—yes, there must be a resemblance between the very appearances of the two men. Like Robespierre he loves politics not for the office or profit it brings him so much as for the dry sake of politics itself. Something like the intense fondness—not so much of a gambler for his cards as of a chess-player for his mystic game. He has a cold yet infinite zest in the intrigue, the twisting of facts, the magnifying of useful nothings, the diminishing of disagreeable somethings—the downright lying, the flattering, the bullying, the rewarding, the punishing—the wielding of Power, that is it! Robespierre had his guillotine, had he? Every Saturday's *Star* falls like an axe across some man's name if not his neck! Talk about the unscrupulous devotion of a Jesuit to his order!

Let it suffice to be said, Lamum was, in the most exclusive and intense sense possible to the word, a Politician, not in the sense of a stump-speaker. Lamum had a thin, feeble voice—he could not make speeches, never tried. But his pen! Ah, how powerfully he spoke through that! And how he ruled with it hundreds in every county in the State who did mount the stump.

"Look here, General," says his companion yet again, "you are going to print this ridiculous dispatch, are you? I say, you will fix it up in your paper? You know, between us, it won't do exactly."

"Hold on a moment," says Lamum, who has been writing rapidly ever since he entered the office. Dr. Peel resumes his brown dispatch. A large, dark man is Dr. Peel. What you might call a bulbous forehead, with very black hair and whiskers, singularly black. Dr. Peel possesses deep black eyes as singularly restless and eager in their motions. The Doctor has been in Somerville but a few months; shortly before the blockade was established over the Southern ports he arrived. Dr. Peel has long given up his practice, he says—has means enough to live.

And the Doctor *has* means, plenty it would seem—gold. No man can be more prompt in paying his board bill; nor does he make a single debt at a store, though he is continually in them, one and all, and purchases freely. The Doctor is partial to buggy-riding, and makes it a point to take some one of his acquaintances with him whenever he drives out. Though he has been in Somerville for so short a time he knows every body. Especially is he hand and glove with Dr. Ginnis, Mr. Neely, Colonel Roberts, old Mr. Juggins, the Rev. Mr. Barker, Lamum, and the rest of the genuine, from-the-start, out-and-out, no-mistake Secessionists. Of those who are suspected of being Union people he has the most unmitigated horror.

"Thank you, Sir; I wish to have nothing to say to such traitors"—he remarks—"I'd just as lief hang them as eat my dinner." He has frequently observed, "I'd put an ounce of lead through them, or six inches of cold steel into their white livers and black hearts as quick as take a drink, Sir, and a —— sight quicker!" and here his hands would clench, his eyes roll, and he would curse the individuals in question with a species of frenzy that left any other man far behind.

Not a war-meeting of any sort but he was the first to be present and the last to leave, the loudest to applaud and the largest to contribute. On one occasion, at least, he publicly offers from his own pocket twenty dollars in gold, in addition to the fifty-dollar bounty, to every man that will enlist in the new company being raised. From the earliest hour of the day till the latest moment at which he can find any one to converse with him, he has but one topic—Secession and the War. He can not cease from the theme even at table. It is confessed that he is stronger and louder and more violent in the matter than any other man in or around Somerville. There is a ferocity of manner, a recklessness of assertion, an insanity of feeling about him, which rather cools than otherwise the most violent of his associates.

Considering all the circumstances of his advent in Somerville; that he is so "flush of money—not paper-money, but gold, Sir, round twenty-dollar pieces—I'll be hanged, Sir, if I don't believe—why, the man has no occupation here at all but talk Secession and the War—I'll be ——, Sir, if I don't firmly believe that Dr. Peel is a—" And here the voice of the speaker is sunk into a whisper, and is received with a start and an oath by the hearer: such had often been the remark made in Somerville.

"There is my trunk, gentlemen," Dr. Peel remarked when a committee visited his room at Staples's Hotel to investigate matters. "Don't forget the lid part of it, please. My extra coats, waistcoats, and breeches are hanging on the hooks behind my door. I will take off the clothes I now have on also. Don't forget those extra boots under the bed—might have papers in the linings or between the soles. There you see my revolvers too; pair of bowie-knives also—examine the scabbards, gentlemen. My Enfield rifle stands in the corner. The mattress, too, and the books on the table. Make a thorough search, please."

No man could be more unembarrassed than Dr. Peel by the visit and the suspicion which led to it. One would have supposed that he would have been astonished at it, resented it, killed some one. Not a bit of it. Dr. Peel was not ruffled a feather by any thing of the sort.

There had been some singular discrepancies in the Doctor's statements in regard to the place of his birth, in regard to his having correspondence with his "old and intimate friend Beauregard," which he "had got confoundedly mislaid" when desired to produce; but no evidence could be found against the Doctor of a positive nature, and so he pursued his course louder than ever.

It was a little singular, however, the conduct of Dr. Peel, after having politely escorted to the door of his chamber the committee above referred to—Bob Withers, Simmons, and windy Dr. Ginnis the committee were. Seating himself, having called out after them as they departed down the steps the last friendly, even cordial good-morning, with his hands in his lap, forefinger and thumb arched to meet forefinger and thumb, he first thought it over, then began to smile, at last rolled himself upon his bed, fairly convulsed with laughter, genuine, unfeigned laughter, sparkling from every white tooth, streaming in tears from his eyes, possessing him and shaking his burly frame from head to foot.

"Going to the war? I *am* going," the Doctor had often remarked, in answer to questions to that effect. "Do you think I'd stay away when there are Yankees to be killed? No, Sir. I *am* going; and if I was to see my own brother or father among them I'd send a bullet from my rifle here through their hearts first ones. Do you think money could pay me to stay behind?" And the Doctor would proceed to curse out the rest of the feelings of his soul on the subject in a way which left nothing to be desired.

And yet Dr. Peel's burly form was still to be seen in every store, at every street corner, before every bar. It was singular. "In constant correspondence with the military authorities, Sir. They are anxious to place me where I can do most for the glorious cause." Yet months rolled by; the Doctor left Somerville often enough, but he always came back again for a fresh start. It was singular.

But Lamum has finished writing. "See if this will do," he says to Dr. Peel; and he proceeds to read:

"THE NEWS OF TUESDAY NIGHT.

"Thank Heaven! we know our readers well enough to know the manner in which they received the news of Tuesday night, of which much, and a vast deal too much, has been said. In the first place, we take for certain that a large part, if not every syllable, of the news is utterly false. Months ago the North was taught, and the entire world was taught, for time and for all eternity, a fact which we of the South have always known as well as we know our alphabet—that Northern soldiers fly like sheep at the very appearance of our brave boys.

"Is it reasonable to suppose that this has been other than the case at Fort Donelson? Did not the last dispatch distinctly declare the utter rout of the Federal forces assaulting that fort? But yesterday we were rejoicing in what we expected as a matter of course—shall we pay the least attention to-day to the preposterous lies which have come to our ears? We feel confident our intelligent readers will treat such trash with the contempt it deserves.

"Even supposing the Federals have met with some slight success in Tennessee, it is but for a moment. At the news all the South will pour forth its legions by millions, and in less than one month from this day not only will the Federal armies be driven back, but our invincible hosts will be thundering at the gates of Cincinnati and Chicago! Looking at the news as we will, in any case we find in it ground only of rejoicing. Doubtless before this our Government has been recognized by every

nation in Europe, hailing with enthusiastic welcome its advent among the noblest nations of the earth. The North, already execrated by the whole civilized world, can not endure two months longer its enormous expenses. For what we know, our independence has been acknowledged by the North even while we write these lines. This we will say—ever since the editor of this sheet could pen a line has he striven night and day to bring about Disunion; from his very cradle was it the warmest aspiration of his soul; its consummation is the proudest rejoicing of his life. Of the establishment of this nation, and that it will, from its very establishment, rank second to none else on the globe, we are as certain as of our very existence!"

"Good as wheat!" exclaimed Dr. Peel, as the editor laid down his blotted sheet on the table.

"Oh, that is only one article!" replied the editor. "I will have a dozen like it, longer or shorter, in the next number."

"It's good, very good," said his companion; "yet it seems to me you do not pepper it strong enough. Why don't you print as I *talk*, as *you* talk? Pitch in, you know; lay it on scalding hot. You don't let on your steam, somehow."

"If I did I would simply burst the boiler. No, Sir," said this Machiavelli; "that is the blunder other editors and *all* stump speakers are eternally falling into. They go it with too much rush—overdo the thing. It is in politics as it is in a battle, the head-over-heels people always get the whipping. It is the cool, deliberate ones that gain the victory. I show myself positive and absolutely certain; but no fuss, no fury. Strike the wedge too hard and it bounces out, you know."

At this moment a gentleman, evidently a country planter, entered the room. The editor hailed him as Colonel Juggins.

"This is Dr. Peel, Colonel," he added, with a wave of the inky hand toward his companion.

"Oh, I know the Doctor. Many a good, warm talk we've had over the Yankees," said the Colonel. "But look here, General," he continued, "what about this news? I tell you things is looking squally: this child came mighty nigh taking a scare."

"You've read the dispatch, Colonel?" asked the editor, indifferently.

"Yes, I *hev* read that doggoned dispatch," said his visitor, anxiously, "and I'm mighty anxious to get your next paper to see how *you* will fix it up. Fact is, I couldn't wait; I thought I *must* see you right away. I want to know what you think of things *now!*"

"And is it possible, Colonel Juggins, that a man of your sense can ask such a question, and you knowing the Yankees as well as you do?" began the editor.

"Don't know nothin' about them; never was there in my life; never want to be," interrupted his visitor. Fact is, you and Mr. Neely is about all the Northern-born people I ever was to say intimate with, and I don't suppose such as you are fair specimens of Northern folks. Yes, I've known a lot of overseers in my time hailing from the North. Gimini! warn't they hard on the hands! But go on, General, go on; I'm anxious to hear what sort of a way you look on this here news. It's hard to swallow, I tell you!"

"Well," continued the editor, "if you don't know our dastardly enemies, you won't pretend to say you do not know our own brave boys?"

"I know, as well as you, General, they'll fight to the last drop. My Tom is among them. I suppose I ought to know. Fight!" and Colonel Juggins had not breath left to say more.

"Well, then," said the editor, "you know my opinion of the news."

"Yes; but look here. Evacuated Bowling Green, didn't they? Besides, what can the bravest fellows do, supposin' they meet overwhelmin' numbers, or their guns won't carry as far as the others, or they've got cowards at their lead, or there's traitors about, or their fodder gives out, or—"

"If you will listen a moment I will let you know what I think," interrupted the editor; and he proceeded to read aloud the leader he had just written, besides one or two more to the same effect, to all which his visitor listened with the deepest and most painful attention.

"If you want any thing further to set your mind completely at rest, Colonel," continued the editor, "there is a whole pile of the latest papers lying about the floor there. Read them, Colonel, see what they say, all of them! You'll find there's not a paper there isn't just as confident as I am, and every Southern man ought to be."

"Well," said Colonel Juggins, with a glance of dismay at the quantity of newspapers on the floor, but with a sigh of relief, "I dare say it's all right. You see all the papers, General. Besides, you've lived at the North and ought to know the sort of people they raise there. What fellows they are to make things, calicoes and such like! And to invent machines, too. Reapers and sewing machines, and fifty thousand such contraptions. I'm glad you think they can't fight. Now we *are* in it you see we're bound to put the thing through. My place keeps me so hard at it, breakin' up and plantin', and cleanin' out the weeds and pickin', and ginnin', and pressin' all the year round, I don't hev any time to examin' into things at all deep like. One thing brightened me up a little," continued the old planter, as he settled himself to read, "Pete Shehan fell in with me as I rode into town this mornin'. It happened so, you see. Pete said he didn't believe one word of this doggoned news. If the truth was known, says Pete, Beauregard is this minute in Baltimore."

"Who is Pete Shehan?" asked General Lamum.

"Well, Pete isn't any body in particular, a sort of well-digger like," answered Colonel Juggins. "Irish, he is. He's been at me to hev him dig a well or two the hands need awful bad down at the quarters. I must hev them wells, but then Pete he gets drunk all the time, and, what's more, he never gets sober. But Pete's all right on the goose—strong for Secession I tell you. Another thing Pete told me: he knew the British had recognized us; he ought to know, he said, since he came from one of the British islands himself. Pete's only *Pete*, but he cheered me up a heap. However, don't let me interrupt you, General," added Colonel Juggins, for the editor had taken his pen and was busily engaged writing.

"Make yourself at home, Colonel, you'll find plenty to encourage you in the papers," said the editor, never taking pen from paper while he spoke.

Colonel Juggins ventures on the first of the pile of papers.

"Don't forget to give it to those Union chaps this week," remarked Dr. Peel at this juncture. "I tell you what, gentlemen," he said, "when I got that news last night—I was sitting up till it came in—if I had met one of those Union men with any thing like a glad look on his face I'd killed him dead on the spot. If I had met one of them, I believe I'd have shot him down any how, I was so savage."

But in leaving out the oaths and curses with which Dr. Peel garnished his remarks, very cold and meagre and unlike the Doctor's diction is this record thereof.

"Look here, Dr. Peel," said Colonel Juggins, paper in hand, "I don't know about that. Every body knows I'm no Union man, but I can't chime in with you there. Them fellows is dreadful mistaken, but they've lived here longer, some of them, than any of us. All they hev in the world is in and around Somerville. They always was opposed to this here move, said it would ruin the country, and all that. They ought to go into the thing now we *are* in it, I know; it's a shame they don't. But we mustn't shoot them though. Almost every man of them is Southern born and raised; every soul of them owns his own hands—"

"Don't care," interrupted Dr. Peel, with a volley of oaths. "There's that Guy Brooks to begin with—"

"Why, Dr. Peel, Guy owns fifty hands!" put in Colonel Juggins.

"Don't care; he is from *Kentucky*, and Kentucky is as rotten as East Tennessee. Then there is that Parson Arthur—"

"Why, what has he been doin'?" asked the old planter, with amazement.

"Nothing, Sir, nothing at all, and that is the very reason he ought to be looked after. Compare him with Parson Barker! You find Barker on the streets all the week, using all his influence one way. Go to his church on Sunday, his sermon from one end to the other is the best sort of stump speech I ever want to hear. Did you ever hear one of his prayers?"

Colonel Juggins nodded in reply. "Oughter, one of his members," he added.

"There's a prayer for you; prays for the Confederacy, prays for Davis, prays for our army, prays for victory—and it's worth going ten miles to hear that man pray for the defeat and the utter destruction of the Federals!" and the Doctor sealed his cordial approbation of the Reverend Mr. Barker's prayers with the most emphatic oaths in his possession.

"Parson Arthur, I suppose you know," said the planter, "was born and raised at the South. Barker has *his* way of doin' up things, Parson Arthur is different. When we had that hurly-burly about Know Nothin'ism, Arthur he kept clear of it, though they lied about him then a heap; staid inside of his pulpit like. Brother Barker, you'll remember—no, you won't remember, you were not here, Doctor, the General will, though—Brother Barker he pitched in, went all over the country organizin' the Know Nothin' lodges. He preached Know Nothin'ism, prayed Know Nothin'ism! Oh, Brother Barker he is a full team, specially on a camp ground where things is full blast. Parson Arthur, he is different. Old Master didn't make him that sort; he's quiet, sober-like. However, mornin', gentlemen; mustbegoin'; ain't much of a hand readin' papers, specially where there's so many. Glad to learn from you, General, things ain't as bad as I feared. But they *did* look a little squally like. You see, I'm from old Tennessee myself, and all that about Nashville took me back. Maury County I was from. Good-mornin'."

"Hold on, Doctor, one moment," said the editor, as that individual was about to follow the planter. "I'll read you one item for my next paper you may like. Listen:"

"IMPORTANT NEWS!

"We stop our press to announce news which we well know will thrill every patriot bosom with joy. We have just had a visit from a highly reliable gentleman on his way through our place. He called to inform us that he had been credibly informed on his way to Somerville that the news of Tuesday night, which created such an unnecessary sensation in our midst, is, as we supposed it at the time to be, utterly false! The gentleman from whom he derived his information was reliably informed also, before seeing him, that Beauregard is in full possession of Baltimore. It is believed that the Federals fled at his approach in utter confusion, and that immense stores to the value probably of millions have fallen into his hands. If this be so, our next news will be of Beauregard in possession of Washington! He may be there even as we write!

"The same gentleman also informed our friend that there is no longer any doubt of the fact that the Confederacy has been acknowledged certainly by England, and, probably, by all the other powers of Europe. The gentleman who imparted this news is himself from England direct, and one who has had access to the highest circles. Being a foreigner, his cordial sympathy in our great revolution, impartial as it must be, is but an indication of the universal interest on our behalf now felt over the whole civilized world. We give this news as we heard it, but we think our readers may rely confidently upon its truth!"

"Why, General, how did you get it? when did it come? why didn't you tell me of it before?" asked Dr. Peel before his companion was well through, and, mingled with his oaths, there was a singular nervousness of manner which strongly resembled anxiety.

"You heard it yourself from Juggins," answered the editor coolly, even indifferently.

"What! his talk about Pete what's-his-name? Come, General, you don't mean to say—"

"Hush your racket, Peel," said the editor rather testily, while his friend indulged himself in convulsions of laughter mingled with hearty swearing.

"Lamum, you are a genius?" exclaimed he at length, wiping his eyes, and emphasizing his opinion with a string of oaths.

"But how if Juggins—?" he began to ask.

"Do you suppose the old codger will ever recognize it as being *his* information?" replied the editor, coolly.

"Recognize it, certainly not!" replied the Doctor, hastily. "Oh, but you manufacturers of public opinion are geniuses! I never was exactly so close among the machinery before. And then this item of yours will be copied in all the rest of the papers, with their favorable comments upon it! I see! But I say, Lamum, ain't you afraid occasionally?"

"Are you fool enough not to know that whatever appears in a paper to-day is knocked completely out of the minds of the people by what will come out in it to-morrow? It's with all sort of shavings we keep the pot boiling. Search those papers," continued the editor, pointing at the heaps of them which covered table, floor, and chairs of his very dirty and disorderly office, "and you will find they are made up of just such items. They originate now here, now there, and all the rest copy them, comment on them, swell them. The people read at little else all the time. Must do it, Sir; we've got into this war, and we have to fight our way out of it! They beat hollow drums and blow brazen trumpets to urge them on when in battle—we editors behind here among the people are doing, in our way, exactly the same thing. We are in for it! Any thing is better than the old Union. That we determined should go to smash—we don't care what comes so *that* is down. 'Regard'less of all possible consequences,' was what Calhoun said; that is the flag we sail under—our motto in place of old *E Pluribus Unum!* I believe in what Pryor, and John Tyler's son there in Virginia, and all the rest of them say—any thing on earth so that the accursed old Union goes to hell!"

GERMAN UNIONISTS IN TEXAS.

The engraving on our first page illustrates an interesting and affecting episode in the history of the rebellion in Texas.

In the summer of 1862, when an attempt was made by conscription to drag into the rebel army the Germans of West Texas, a number of these gathered from the mountain counties of Kerr, Kendall, Llano, and Gillespie, with the determination to proceed to Mexico, and, if possible, to join the Union army. Without any obstacle they had arrived, on the evening of August 9, in the neighborhood of Fort Clark, where they encamped in a little cedar grove situated in an open prairie. After having posted some pickets to guard the approaches, the sixty young patriots lay down upon the ground confident of security. At 3 o'clock A.M. they were awakened by a volley of musketry. Two of their pickets, wounded, came running in and gave the alarm. A strong body of men, whether white or red men it was impossible to say, was advancing upon the camp. Two pickets, Ernest Beseler and Louis Sohnerholz, had been killed.

The small and badly-armed band of Germans prepared for resistance. Daylight, now at hand, disclosed that they were assailed by a body of a hundred strong. Their own ranks had been thinned by desertion, but the fight was stubbornly maintained. After the struggle had lasted an hour and a half all but twelve or fourteen of the Germans were wounded and the others exhausted. A retreat was resolved upon, but while withdrawing from the field they twice repulsed their assailants, who then desisted from pursuit. The band now numbering thirty-two, of whom eighteen were wounded, fled to the mountains, where they found shelter in a cave, and relief for their wounds in cactus leaves. Some of them got astray and were captured, some were murdered by the rebels.

The bodies of the Union men who had been killed were left on the battle-field, and so long as the rebel flag floated over Texas no parent or friend ventured to afford them a resting-place. As soon, however, as the United States had re-established its Government in the State, E. Degener, the father of two of the victims, accompanied by twenty-five men, relatives and friends of the slain, went to the battle-field, collected their remains, and brought them to Comfort, where they received the honors of Christian burial, on the 20th of August, 1865. The funeral ceremony was of an imposing and touching character. A procession of about three hundred loyal people, headed by the fathers of four of the victims—old men of sixty and seventy years—preceded the funeral car, drawn by four white horses. Under the Union banner lay the remains of the Martyrs of Loyalty. A detachment of Federal troops, sent by General Merritt, accompanied the cortége. At the grave E. Degener pronounced an oration which brought tears of grief to the eyes, and stirred with invigorating patriotism the hearts of the loyal mourners. He concluded thus:

"The sacrifice that we, the fathers of the slaughtered, made to our country and to liberty is great and dolorous. We shall, however, console ourselves; we shall be proud of having offered our sons to the Union, if the glorious victory of its arms bear all the fruits that this nation and the whole of humanity justly expect to reap!"

The detachment of the Federal troops fired a salute over the grave, and the liberated soil of Texas inclosed the remains of its brave and faithful sons. The little remote spot where they rest must be to the nation as sacred as those places where thousands of her fallen defenders are deposited. Small in number, far away from the patriotic heart and the strong arm of the loyal North, surrounded by fierce enemies of the Union, those brave and devoted Germans offered their lives as a holy protest against the treason of the recreant rebels.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ONLY A HINT.

Observe carefully the shadow of "A Small Waist," and you will soon discover a large Doctor's Bill and the outlines of a Coffin!

"Have any of Toby Continued's stories been printed into bound volumes?" inquired a country customer of a salesman in one of our large book-stores the other day.

"Toby Continued! Who's he?"

"Why, the man that writes so many stories for the papers. I see his name to more newspaper stories than any other man, and I want to get 'em in bound volumes."

The salesman answered in the negative; and the verdant customer went elsewhere with his inquiry, which we dare say is—*To be continued.*

Is there any bird which can sing The Lays of Ancient Rome?—Yes, they are *Macaw Lays.*

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

MY OWN IDEAS.

I would rather fall in love than from Bunker's Hill monument.
I would rather fool a bee than be a fool.
I prefer a legal tender to a bar-tender.
I would rather knit my brows than knit my stockings.
I would rather be licked by my dog than by my enemy.

The "utter" most parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts where there are most women.

Interpretation of Dreams.—To dream of a mill-stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water.

The only Military Command that the Sutler Understands—Charge!

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide—nor your mouth either.

The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

FEEING *vs.* FEEDING.

Whoever dwells at big hotels
 Should be prepared to "bleed"—
The guest, 'tis said, can't be well fed,
 Unless the waiter's feed.

The order of the country grocer, who sent to the proprietors of a morning newspaper for some of the "latest dates," which the paper announced as just received, has not yet been complied with.

How was the weather on Monday last like Joe Halligan's wife?—Because it was quite snappish.

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise, when it is remembered that it is a regular business with these fellows to *make tracks.*

The man who was "carried away" by the eloquence of a certain popular preacher, was brought back on the following Sunday by the same influence that carried him away.

When is a smack on the mouth no offense?—When it is received from the lips of a pretty woman.

A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac railroad. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on that road, and replied: "Never—but once a middle-aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Binghampton—half-way!"

When a broker loses all his money he is dead broke; but when he dies he is dead broker.

Love's *fetters* were formerly made of flowers, but in our day *gold bonds* are preferred.

In a Southern exchange we find a column containing what is termed "A Brief Tribute to the Memory of —— *sketched while sitting up with the body.*"

Easy way to make a bark canoe. Take any canoe and put a dog in it.

"Halloo, Mr. Engineman! can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?"

"Stop the boat! What for?"

"Wife wants to look at your biler; she's afraid of it bustin'."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington to Ike the other day, as she was reading the paper, "what an excruciating circumstance, poor, dear man. I suppose it was the wind on the stomach did it. Dr Bellows' bust." Ike at once seized the paper, and found the paragraph, so alarmingly headed, referred to a marble bust of the reverend gentleman on view at a statuary repository.

Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty?—Because no one ever saw it *before.*

WINTER.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.—[From Photographs by C. H. Williamson, Brooklyn, L. I.]

BREAKING THE SNOW.

SEE the masses of the snow
Piled across the trackless highways,
Choking all the lanes and by-ways,
Covering brooks and hiding bridges
And the leeward sides of ridges;
Dazzling, and so smooth and white
That the fox tracks overnight,
Delicately stepped and straight,
From the wood to farm-yard gate,
Miles away his courses show.

Ho! The stalwart men are out,
Traveler blind with ghostly light
Of the snow and of the night,
Doctor, hope of patient pale,
And the carrier of the mail,
Farmer, with his load of corn,
Woodman, rising ere the morn,
Through the drifts must come and go.
Ho! The breakers of the snow
Come along with call and shout.

Bob-sled upside down have they,
Drawn by many a patient pair,
And wild steers, with sullen air,
Flouncing, wheezing, dragged along
By the leaders, slow and strong,
Through the drifts with sinking feet,
Wet with struggling, white with sleet,
Till they know man's will and thought,
And their great wild eyes are brought
All his mandates to obey.

Muffled breakers of the snow,
With high boots and shovels bright,
Toss the masses left and right;
But the boys, too quick to shift,
Work to play in bank and drift;
Tumble in half-smothered heaps
While the great dog on them leaps—
And some man, who keeps the joy
In his memory of the boy,
Reaches them with long-armed throw.

Life of health in mind and limb,
Self-reliant, free and pure,
Full of all that shall endure,
As the firm foundation-stone
Of a nation's hope alone,
Proof against the storm and cold,
Cut like granite, sharp and bold,
From eternal quarries deep,
Where earth's strongest forces keep
Empire through the ages dim.

ABBY DILL'S FORTUNE.

WE taught school together. It was a district school "down East," and she had the girls under her charge and I the boys. I presume she was eighteen when we met, and I know I was twenty-five. I had heard her name before I saw her. It was Abigal. It was an ugly name, and I expected to see a spinster to match. That was perhaps why she seemed so very pretty as I caught the first glimpse of her in the golden morning light standing on the old school-house steps. She had on a white dress, and the blue ribbon at her neck was no bluer than her eyes. Envious damsels called her hair red. It was really burnished gold. When I stood beside her she said, simply, "My fellow-teacher, Mr. Lorne, I presume. I am Abby Dill."

And we shook hands and were friends from that moment.

There is little romance in the rule of a district school. Do you wonder that I strove to find a little for myself in the presence of Abby Dill? Most young men of five-and-twenty would have done so under the circumstances. Weary of boy faces, dull or saucy, of stammering tongues and stupid eyes, I turned to look at her over my desk a hundred times a day by way of relief.

It always helped me. I never saw her flushed or angry. I never saw her sleepily drudging at her task. Always alert, always pleasant. Sometimes with a pleased smile for a bright scholar, sometimes with a comic lifting of the eyebrows (quite involuntary I knew), when the biggest dunce in the class fell prostrate over some childish stumbling-block.

It was not the sedate placidity which will at times provoke a nervous sinner, but a merry good temper not to be soured by trifles.

I had taught before with one Mrs. Good-enough, and only my lucky stars, or some cherub who keeps watch over poor schoolmasters, kept me from flinging the dictionary at her head, when, in moments of most complete misrule, I caught sight of her with the same fat smile, the same front teeth visible, the same sleepy folding of her hands at her waistband.

Abby Dill, smiling or grave, always made me feel comfortable. Pretty soon I began to think what pictures I would make of her were I an artist. Whether I should choose the time when the sun burnished her golden hair, as it fell through the window near her seat, when cheek and lip and lily throat were flower-like masses of high lights and color, or that hour when the long shadows crept over the school-room and amidst them the fair face was mellowed and toned down to that of a Madonna.

Then I began to think of a home and fireside where she should welcome me after the day's toil. I fancied her running to meet me at the door; sitting opposite me at the table; sewing while I read to her in the long winter evenings; leaning on my arm as we walked together in the summer moonlight, and then I acknowledged that I was in love with Abby Dill.

It was not the work of a few days nor of a few weeks. We had taught together a year before I said, "I must have her for my wife or be wretched." And then I hardly knew whether she liked me or not.

In that country place "courting" was performed after a set fashion. The gentleman was paired off with the lady on all festive occasions. They sat together and whispered in public. They made no great secret of kisses, and the usual manner of promenading, even in broad daylight, was with the masculine arm about the feminine waist. Consequently no mortal guessed the state of my feelings, and village gossip never suggested the possibility of Mr. Lawrence Lorne and Miss Abby Dill "keeping company."

But I think she knew how I loved her. I thought then she liked to know it. She had a look she kept for me; a tone in her voice, I believe, I alone heard. Loving all the world as she did, I could not help hoping that she loved me best of all. Yet I was not sure.

I tried to find out for myself without asking—all in vain. At last I resolved to tell her how I felt. That day, after school, I wandered away into the woods, and sat there thinking. I knew I was not rich: I knew she was as poor as I: were we really too poor to marry? Should youth wait for gold and lands before it took love to its heart? Were gray-beards right, and the beardless boys who disobeyed them wrong? It seemed to me not so. We were young. I had energy, hope, and strength. She had all that I possessed, with the sweetness and beauty that had made me love her. Why, if she loved me, should we not begin the world together?

The breezes sighing through the branches whispered, "Why not?" The birds sung it. The sun smiled it in the golden blotches of light dropped through the leafy shadow. My heart said, "Why not?" in its every beat. So I arose and went to her home across the fragrant clover-field, where the honey-laden bees seemed once more to hum to me, "Why not, if she loves you?" I found her sitting on the porch, sewing. In the cozy parlor her old grandmother sat asleep over her Bible.

The summer day was nearly over, but it was light yet, and the windows of the houses and those of the little church were turned to molten gold by the sunset. All along the road tinkling bells told of homeward-driven cows; swart laborers trudged out of the fields into the high-road, whistling as they went. Now and then a flitting flock of birds flung a passing shadow to the earth, and far away a sweet-toned bell was ringing. It was only a factory bell; I knew that, yet it minded me of the olden peal of the curfew. And still the sweetness and the loveliness of Nature, the look in Abby's blue eyes, the throbbing of my own heart seemed to say to me, "Why not, for she loves you?"

But I could not speak then and there. If I had this story would never have been told. She must be quite alone with me before the words I must speak could come. So I asked her to walk with me. She assented.

"But we must have tea first," said she. "I am not ethereal enough to despise that ceremony, and grandmother is ready for hers, no doubt. Come in!"

So she folded up the muslin she was covering with buds and blossoms, and led the way to where the table was spread with a snowy cloth, and the homely home-like tea-time sights and odors asked the same old question.

I remember she had just poured out a cup of tea for me, and that in taking it my hand had, by chance, touched hers, thrilling me through with its velvet softness, when some one came to the door and knocked. Abby said, "Come in!" and in walked a great hulking lad, a scholar of mine, whose father kept the Post-office.

"Evenin', Miss Abby," he said. "I was comin' past, and father said I'd as well fetch this. It come in late this arternoon, and looks important."

Abby took the letter.

"Thank you, Tom," she said. "Won't you have a cup of tea?" But Tom, scarlet with confusion at the request, "hadn't time, couldn't stay," and shambled out.

The letter remained upon the table, a large envelope, with a great red wax seal, four or five postmarks, and as many scrawls, indicating the existence of other Winstons. Miss Abby Dill had waited several weeks for her letter, whatever it was, and it really "looked important."

"But it is not," she answered, with a laugh. "How could an important letter come to me?"

"Mercy on us! you are going to read it, ain't you, Abby?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, by-and-by, when I have had my tea and my walk, grandma."

"Have you no curiosity whatever on the subject?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I will own the honest truth. I never was so silly before; I'm actually afraid of the letter. I know of no one who would write to me on any subject of importance. I can think of no possible event which, in any great degree, could give me joy or pain of which I should hear by letter; but I *am* afraid of it, nevertheless. That seal seems an ominous red eye staring at me."

"How you do talk, Abby!" cried the grandmother. "I couldn't rest until I read it, if I felt that way."

But Abby left the letter on the table, and we finished our meal, and she arose to put on her bonnet, and still never touched it.

At the door the old lady called her back.

"Abby, you never behaved so before; *I'm* curious about that letter, if *you* are not."

"Suppose there *should* be something terrible in it, grandmother," said Abby, with a laugh. "I want my walk first."

"You really frighten me," said the old lady.

"It's all my nonsense, grandmother; you may read it for me while I'm gone."

"At night?—with these spectacles that never suited me?"

Abby looked at me. "Well," she said, "must I read it?"

"We'll try," said I, and took a penny from my pocket. "Toss up for it. Heads, Miss Abby Dill reads the letter now—the reverse, she waits a wee."

I spun the coin in the air—Fate brought the head uppermost.

The candles were lit by this time, and with a laugh Abby sat down near them and opened the envelope. At the first words I saw her change color and grow deeply interested, and at the close she started to her feet.

"Important!! Tom was right," she cried. "To think that such a letter should come to *us*. It's like a fairy tale. Am I *really* awake?"

She was too much excited to read the letter aloud, but soon I understood from her words that a far-away cousin of her father's, who had been fond of her as a child, had died, leaving her all that he possessed. She had not heard of him for years, but that he had never forgotten her was plain in the fact that, by his death, she had become his heiress.

The letter had been several weeks upon its journey, and had reached her an hour too soon at last. An hour too soon for me, for, had we started on our walk before it came, I should by that time have told her how I loved her—should have known whether she loved me. Now, when she had suddenly become a rich woman, I could not do this. What would she think of me were I, who had never uttered a word of love to her, to speak the first one that night? She would see in it the most transparent fortune-hunting, and reject me with scorn. I must, at least, wait longer now, and I hated myself for not having had the courage to speak before.

We did not even take our walk. She seemed to have forgotten, and I did not wish to remember it. I could not congratulate her, I could not talk at all. My only wish was to escape, and I did it soon.

Going home through the summer moonlight, the katydids chirping shrilly in the bushes seemed to answer the question all nature had asked me in the sunny afternoon—"Why not?"

"Ah, Lawrence Lorne! because she is a rich woman and you are a poor man."

It was not so much that she was a rich woman, after all, had she been so all along; but now, Abby Dill must show me that she liked me before I could say to her the words which would have been uttered that night had the letter been delayed a little longer. The postmaster's stupid Tom came nearer to a flogging than he knew of the next day, as he blundered over his spelling-book.

Was she cool to me, or I cool to her? I can not tell; but our intimacy seemed to diminish. She was very busy, too, for they were going to New York in a week, and another person had already agreed to take her place in school.

The day before they left I went to see her. I could not stay away, and, without intending it beforehand, I found myself walking with her in her garden, all aglow that evening with gay autumn flowers. She picked a bouquet for me, and sighed as she was tying it.

"Who will watch these flowers bloom next year, I wonder?" she said; "I have been so fond of them."

"You can have finer flowers," I said, "and will forget these and every thing else here very soon."

"Am I so very fickle?" she asked, quickly.

"I'd give the world to be sure you were not," I said, but to that she made not one word of answer.

Just then a wagon came to take her trunks to the dépôt, and, as I watched them go, I knew the first step of what might be an eternal parting had been taken. My heart sank within me, but I could not say a word to hinder it, even had I hoped she liked me well enough to make it worth the while.

We walked up and down the broadest path of the garden quite silently after the bustle was past. She had written her city direction on a card, and I had put it in my pocket-book. I had hoped "she would have a pleasant trip." She had hoped that "I should find the new teacher a pleasant person." Why we were so formally polite and decorously distant that afternoon I can not tell. One tremulous tone, one tender look, would have broken down my resolution, but it was not to be spoken.

At last I said, "Good-night." It *was* night now, for the sunset had passed and the gray twilight taken its place.

She answered, "Good-night, Mr. Lorne."

Our hands just touched, though I was filled with a wild longing to clasp her to my breast and cry:

"Do not leave me so. Tell me you love me, Abby."

And then the gate had opened and closed after me, and I stood in the road alone.

She was miles away when I took my place at my desk next day, and Heaven only knew whether I should ever see her again. I also should leave the school in a few days, for the term was nearly over, and I had but one hope now. To find some path in which a fortune might be won, become a rich man, and then—

Alas! Time was fleeting, and one of us might die, or another might win her; or, when the wealth was won, the heart might be too dull and cold to beat as it beat then. I knew *that* as well as any one could have told me, but I was a dreamer by nature, and one dream being gone I must have another to live on.

Almost without an effort on my part the chance I longed for came. A position was offered me, involving a long absence from my native land, a residence in a country for which I had but little love, and not a little toil and trouble. But it would bring with it a chance for speculation; and possibly a fortune to match Abby Dill's. I undertook it cheerfully. I performed my duties zealously. I succeeded beyond my hopes; and five years from the day of my departure from America returned to it a rich man. All that while I had heard no tidings of Abby Dill, and did not know, when I set foot upon my native shores, whether she were alive or dead, yet single, or married to another. The last was most probable, for she had health and beauty, and was now full five-and-twenty years of age.

I went straight to Winston. I never expected to find Abby there, but she had made friends in the place she would hardly drop, and they might know her whereabouts, I hoped. I found Winston altered. Some rows of brick dwellings had grown up. There were a dozen stores instead of one. The church had a new steeple, and there was a little frame edifice, known as the Methodist meeting-house, besides. As for the school-house, that was altered past knowing, and had a porch, a tree-shaded play-ground, and four new class-rooms. It was vacation-time, and it was quite empty, so I was free to visit the rooms and admire the improvements if I chose. All I did was to sit down at my old desk and fancy Abby Dill among her girls in the light of the long south window.

Opposite the school arose another edifice, bran-new and exceedingly pretentious—the Winston Bank, an institution of which the Winstonites were wondrously proud. But it shut out the prospect of distant hills, and the pond with its water-lilies and drooping flags and rushes was quite hidden, and I did not like the alteration.

On the way home I passed Abby's little cottage. Some one lived there now who cared more for beans and cabbages than for flowers, and I gave one look over the palings and walked away.

Yes, Winston was altered, but I heard pleasant news that day. Miss Abby Dill had returned thither and lived with her old grandmother in a beautiful cottage on what was called The Hill.

She had suitors and offers enough, they said, but she was single still, and "kept company" with nobody.

On Sunday I saw her at church. She had not altered. She was even lovelier than ever, and I felt that the path lay clear before me, and that I was free to woo and win her.

But I put a restraint on myself and never went near her. I wanted her to learn that I was there, and that I had become wealthy enough to woo her without being accused of mercenary motives. A monomaniac for the time being, I withdrew all that I possessed from sundry excellent investments and deposited every cent in the Winston Bank, that gossips, nimble-tongued enough in Winston, might carry the news to her. On Wednesday I intended to call upon Abby Dill and begin my wooing. Alas! the most positive intentions fail to be carried out at times. On Tuesday evening, entering my room in the dark, I struck my eyebrow against the door. Next morning I had a terrible black eye. To present myself for the first time in such a plight was simply impossible. I fumed and fretted in vain. I was not presentable for a week despite the apothecary's lotions. Then going to church once more with the intention of offering Abby my escort home I found her seat empty. She had gone away on a visit with her grandmother, and she remained away a fortnight. When they returned there came with them a lady and gentleman, brother and sister. The gentleman, a splendid fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who devoted himself to Miss Abby Dill in the most noticeable manner. Walked with her, talked with her, sang to and at her (for how often I listened, miserably enough, under the cottage windows in the secrecy of the evening shadows) and was said to be favored by her as no one had been favored before.

I would not see her while this rival must be seen also. Yet I felt conscious that I was leaving the field free to him, and that, by acting as I did, I might cast my last bright hope away.

One day, desperately bitter, I set off for a long tramp through the woods on a damp, foggy sort of day. Lost my way, caught a cold, and an intermittent fever, and was on my back a month. When I grew better there was news in store for me. My landlady undertook it. She came and sat beside me as I rested, weak and worn, on a garden bench and began,

"This is a world of trials, Mr. Lorne."

I acquiesced.

"And trouble comes when we least expect it, and heaviest when we are feeling safest," said the dame. "Now *are* you prepared for bad news, Sir?"

My thoughts flew at once to Abby Dill. The words, "Is she married?" passed my lips unawares, and my landlady cried,

"Who? Marcy me! it's nothing about marriage. I wish it was. There's a deal of trouble here just now, and you have a big share in it. They said *I* must tell you. The Winston Bank is broke, Mr. Lorne, and nobody that has had money there will ever get a cent of it as long as they live."

I heard her through without a word, and then arose and walked away. For the next few hours no mortal eye saw me, and I can only desire to forget them as though they had never been.

In the evening I went out into the village. The stores were full of people talking over the event: some curious spectators of the woes of others; some truly sympathetic; some crushed into a sort of stupor by their losses; and others eager for revenge, uttering threats against the bankers, and cursing them and their own folly. I heard my own name once or twice, but I spoke to no one. At last I went home and locked myself in my room, but not to sleep. Long after every light was out in Winston I paced the floor.

Midnight had passed and the moon had set, when against the dark sky I saw, as I gazed from my window, a reddish sort of smoke or mist, which puzzled and attracted me. As I gazed forked tongues of blue flame burst through the lurid mass, and I knew some building was on fire. In a few moments the sky grew crimson, and I could see the flying sparks and cinders plainly. The fire was on The Hill, and Abby Dill's new house stood there, with other of the best houses of the place.

At the thought I started from my post beside the window and dashed down the stairs and out into the street.

A bell was ringing by this time, every door open, and people, half clad, running in the direction of the fire. Two bank directors occupied dwellings there, and some mad wretch, ruined by the failure of the Winston Bank, had become an incendiary, forgetful in his wrath that between the two stood the abode of one innocent of all wrong-doing—Abby Dill's home, which was in one broad blaze from roof to cellar when I reached the spot.

They had the old grandmother safely out by that time. A servant had lifted her from her bed and carried her bodily through flame and smoke; and now she stood wringing her hands and calling for help for Abby.

"My child!" she screamed; "my sweet, good girl! Save her! save her!"

But all stood helpless, gazing on the roaring flames hopelessly. I pushed my way through the crowd and dashed toward the doorway. Some one cried, "Stop him! It's certain death!" And then I was in the midst of a suffocating smoke, in a furnace of horrible heat.

But the worst was past in a moment, and I was on the stairs calling wildly for Abby to answer me, and a faint voice replied, and, springing forward, I clasped a white figure in my arms and turned—not one moment too soon; but Heaven's mercy brought us safe in life and limb through the greedy flames to the sweet outer air.

I was weakened by illness, though excitement had sustained me to perform my task; but when all was over a death-like swoon crept over me, and I lost consciousness for many moments. I thought myself dying, and was happy; for, as sight and hearing left me, I knew my head reposed on Abby's arm. It lay there still when I awoke to life again. It was gray dawn when I stood with her and looked upon the ruins of her pretty home. A tear was in her eye, and a sad look on her face.

"Poor old house!" she said; "I loved it; but I should not grieve so were it not for grandmother. She will feel the privations of narrow circumstances more than I."

I looked at her curiously.

"Surely one house will make but little difference to your circumstances," I said. "Others are to be bought or built."

"With money," she answered. "I have none. A month ago I was a rich woman; but every cent I had was in the Winston Bank, and you have reason enough to know what that implies. I'm as poor now as when I first began to teach in the old school-house yonder."

I acted on the impulse of the moment, and caught both Abby's little hands in mine. Standing thus, I told her all I have told you, and then I said:

"I must begin life over again, Abby, will you begin it with me?"

And she let me draw her to me, and kiss her on brow and cheek and lip, and hold her to my heart—my promised wife, my best beloved, who loved me.

"The path may be stony, but your feet shall not be bruised," I said. "The thorns of life shall never pierce you, my treasure!"

But she answered, "Nay, if there are ills I must share them, and I have little fear: love can compensate for poverty. Then with a change of look and a merry dimple in her cheek she cried, "Do you know the vacation is almost over, and they have asked [illegible] teachers in the old school. You have said we must begin the world again together. Shall it be [illegible], Lawrence?"

"If you like, darling," I said, and kissed her. So one [illegible] morning found me at my desk, with the old [illegible] array of broad red faces before me; but beyond, among her girls, my golden-haired wife—mine while life lasted; and no life could be weary, no toil hard, no lot humble, that was shared with her.

We are richer now; and there is more silver than gold in her bright hair, for we are old people together, and have grandchildren about us; but we are not rich enough, or old enough yet to despise that dear old school or the life we began together there.

THE RUINS OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

THE rebellion in Hayti has been unfortunately extinguished. While I regarded it (from my personal knowledge of the character of FRANCOIS JEAN JOSEPH) as an uprising of the barbarous element, and hoped for the success of the existing government, I deeply regret that the suppression of the revolt is due neither to the amnesty nor to the arms of the President, but wholly to the unwarrantable, bullying, and cowardly intervention of the English navy. This fact will embitter not the unenlightened classes only against GEFFRARD's triumph, but probably it will unite the entire negro population in opposition to his Government. An attempt, or rather a supposed inclination on the part of his Administration to extend certain privileges to the whites, was the cause of an attempted insurrection at Gonaives a few years ago, the rallying cry of which was—

"*Vive le septreme article de la Constitution!*"

The seventh article referred to is in these words:

"No white man, whatever be his nationality, shall ever be permitted to land on the Haytian Territory, nor shall he be able, in future, to acquire there either real estate or the rights of a Haytian."

As it would have been unfortunate for us if England or France had aided us in suppressing the slaveholders' insurrection—because such a triumph would have engendered a bitterness in the Southern mind, and a just contempt for our power which no effort on our part would ever have been able wholly to remove—so the fact that the rebellion in Hayti was still as strong as ever, still defiant, still able to repel every attack of GEFFRARD's troops when the British navy wantonly undertook to interfere and thereby made the President "master of the situation," as the official account phrased it, will, in all probability, cause a sullen submission to his power which is more to be dreaded than open revolt.

The reports of events in Hayti are always so unreliable and contradictory that I have waited until I could learn from trust-worthy sources how the rebellion was suppressed before I completed my record of its civil war.

It appears that an uprising of the blacks, in sympathy with the movement of SALNAVE at the North, was attempted at Jacmel or Jeremie, but that it was promptly put down by the upholders of the Government. It is charged that GEFFRARD by his personal conduct has made himself exceedingly obnoxious to many of the first families of the capital; and that, instead of prosecuting the reforms which he advocated on his advent to power, he has been selfishly seeking to perpetuate his authority at any price. It is further alleged that his unpopularity with the masses is sufficiently indicated by the fact that there have been eighteen attempts at revolution.

Whether these are the capricious complaints of the Outs merely, or just indictments, will presently appear; for if GEFFRARD increases his efforts to educate all the people, and preserves peace and order combined with freedom of the press and liberty of speech, we will not be unfavorably affected by these the cavils of his opponents. I am not at all convinced that the President is unpopular because so many efforts have been made to depose him, nor am I sure that the prompt extinguishment of these attempts was not due as much to his popularity as to his alacrity. I do not speak with confidence on either side, because no person, unless his correspondence with the island is continuous and large, can justly judge of her political combinations. For there revolutions are simply political campaigns. The Haytian method of deposing a ruler is by inciting a revolt, printing dozens of proclamations, appeals, and arrêtes; and then with a hip! hip! hurrah! and "Vive la Republique d' Haiti," or "Vive l'Empereur!" as the case may be, entering Port-au-Prince to find the old ruler out of town—generally on board a vessel bound for Kingston, Jamaica. Speeches, new proclamations, eloquent denunciations of the "aveugle despotisme" that has been deposed, and an election of a Chief Magistrate for life follow. Thus, whether the ruler of Hayti be called President or Emperor he is in fact the head of a limited military monarchy—limited, if he is a mulatto, by a fear of the blacks; and, if he is a negro, by the apprehensions of another rebellion. In these revolutions no lives are lost and no damage done to property. The troops on both sides understand it perfectly, and are too good-natured to hurt each other. It is only when the parties are of equal strength, or when the rebellion is powerful enough to maintain its foothold, but not able to capture the capital, that bloodshed ever ensues.

The recent rebellion was evidently more formidable than the organs of the Government represent. It held the North with stubborn tenacity. Every assault on the rebel capital was successfully met and promptly repelled. SALNAVE, the leader, was *not* killed. The port was *not* blockaded. On the contrary, the Government lost its largest steamer by capture. The best-informed writers state that the rebellion would have been successful if the English war-vessels had not interfered. Whether this predicted success would have led to the establishment of a Northern "Empire," and left the South "out in the cold," a separate and independent republic, as in the days of CHRISTOPHE and PETION, it is impossible for us to guess with any accuracy. The probabilities seem to be that it would have led to a compromise, which would have caused GEFFRARD to resign, and DAMIER, or some other black, equally acceptable to both parties, to succeed him as President of the undivided republic.

The pretext for the intervention of the English was furnished by the refusal of the leader of the rebellion to recognize the right of the British Consul to rank him in his own capital. The "bold Briton" undertook to shelter and protect several persons—Haytians—who had become obnoxious to General SALNAVE. On demand he declined to deliver them up. SALNAVE, thereupon, broke into the Consulate, seized the refugees—and shot them. The *Bulldog*—Her Britannic Majesty's *B. D.*—a ship of war, was in the harbor, and at once began to amuse itself by bombarding the rebel fort. The fort fired back; *B. D.* got aground. The situation became a serious one for the commander of H. B. M.'s *B. D.*; to save it from the courageous negroes the order was given, and the *B. D.* was blown up! The commander of Her Britannic Majesty's *Bulldog* probably felt as the overwhelmed but unconquered citizen of Charleston did when a negro soldier stepped up and asked him for a light for his cigar. His "feelings were hurt;" his dignity outrageously infringed on; but amazement—complete and stupendous—was the dominant sensation. To think of the audacity of the act—for negroes to dare to interfere with the amusements of H. B. M.'s officers! It was incredible.

But incredible as it was, H. B. M.'s commander of the late *B. D.*, when he saw his vessel blown to fragments, at length believed it, and determined on revenge. He posted off to Jamaica for aid.

On the 7th of November, writes a resident of Cape Hayti, the British steamers *Lily* and *Galatia* arrived from Jamaica, bringing the English Consul-General, ST. JOHN, from Port-au-Prince. The rebel leaders, fearing the probable object of their visit, at once sent commissioners on board to learn what conditions were to be proposed to them. The demand was made for the instant delivery of General SALNAVE and Monsieur DE LORME, the chiefs of the movement under JOSEPH. Knowing what their fate would be they declined these terms; *but at the same time replied that, as they were unable to offer any resistance, they would quietly give up the city.* Because the demands of the British Consul was refused, fire was opened from both steamers on the rebel batteries and on all the forts in possession of General SALNAVE, which were rapidly demolished. This occurred on the morning of the 9th. The firing of the steamers was accurate. Fort Madeline (commanding one portion of the harbor) was bombarded three hours, very gallantly—no Briton flinching as he fired, no Haytian trembling as he assaulted it. For it had been evacuated on the previous evening. All the guns were spiked. General SALNAVE and his devoted friends had taken refuge on the Yankee steamer, *De Soto*, which carried them to the adjacent port of Monte Christo, in the Dominican Republic.

It was reported, when the news of the fall of Cape Haytien first arrived, that the British vessels had reduced the town to ruins, and that the troops of GEFFRARD "occupied the site of what was once the city." The absurdity of this statement caused me to refrain from writing this paper until more trustworthy information should reach us.

I find this passage in a private letter, which I believe to be a correct account:

"During the bombardment, and before GEFFRARD's troops entered the city, some desperate characters set fire to the principal quarters, and all the most valuable retail shops and dwellings around the market and in the Rue Espagnole were soon reduced to ashes. They also tried to destroy the foreign warehouses on the sea-side, but without success, as these were saved from fire though not from pillage, having been mostly broken open and plundered of every thing they contained, particularly the houses of such persons whose occupants were known to be hostile to the rebellion. These were completely gutted; furniture of every description being thrown into the streets and broken up by the mob. By these acts of Vandalism many families have been ruined and driven to seek shelter on the plains. Previous to the bombardment, which seems to have been expected, if not known, every one who could get away took refuge in the mountains. All the white foreigners took refuge on board the French and American steamers, as well as many Haytians; and Captain Walker, of the *De Soto*, particularly, has earned the everlasting gratitude of the Cape people for his kindness and consideration toward them during the whole time he has been on the station.

"The fire burned for two days, and this lately-thriving city, which, while in the possession of the French, was their 'Paradise on Earth,' is a second time little more than a heap of ruins, having been totally destroyed by earthquake and fire in 1842, and since rebuilt through the untiring industry of its citizens without one dollar of any foreign aid.

"The closing scene of the rebellion, after the occupation of the city by the President, was the total destruction, by his order, of that part or suburb known as the Fossette, inhabited mostly by the poorer classes, who have been the most active and bitter opponents of the Government, and who have now been forced to seek new homes in the plains.

"The losses of the citizens, as well as foreigners, by this rebellion, have been immense, and it will take years to place them where they were before it began; money is very scarce, and people hitherto living comfortably, if not in affluence, have been reduced almost to beggary.

"President GEFFRARD, prior to entering the city with his troops, published a general amnesty; notwithstanding which it is to be feared that much blood will still be shed of prominent citizens for their complicity in the rebellion against him—whether supposed or real."

Cape Haytien used to be called by the old planters the little Paris of the Antilles, *not* their "Paradise on Earth," as this writer has it; but it is very questionable whether the luxury and wealth that they boasted of were not vastly exaggerated.

When I visited it, in 1859, Cape Haytien had as many ruins as Venice has canals. This destruction will be severely felt for many years to come. Gonaives and Port-au-Prince have suffered by great fires within a few years; and although the value of property destroyed bears but a small proportion to the natural resources of the Republic, yet the lethargy of the tropics needs years where we require months only to rebuild the waste places.

There is no hope now for a speedy increase of wealth in Hayti, excepting by universal education, the disbanding of the present army, and the substitution of a few regiments of well-drilled and well-equipped regulars in their place. It is to be hoped that GEFFRARD will now go vigorously to work and accomplish these reforms, and win for himself a proud place in the history of his country and his race.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WORSE and worse!" exclaims Mrs. Brown; "*this* exceeds any thing we have had yet!"

"What now, my dear?" inquires her liege lord, looking up from his newspaper.

"Just look at that gas bill! Perfectly outrageous! Nearly double any previous bill we have ever had, and I *know* we have not burned gas in proportion to it. The truth is, we pay an abominable price for our light, and something is very wrong about the whole of it."

"Well, well," returns Mr. Brown, soothingly, "that is a fact; but what can we do? We must have light."

"I know it," responds the lady; "but if *I* were the city of New York, or the Legislature, or *somebody*—I'm sure it must be *somebody's* business—the gas companies should not have it all their own way. It is a perfect swindle." And the somewhat indignant lady unceremoniously thrust the offending gas bill into the lowest corner of her pocket.

"Why don't you burn candles?" suggests the country cousin, who has been quietly toasting her toes at the grate.

"Burn candles! Nonsense! Do you suppose Mr. Brown would write a moment by candle-light? But it wouldn't make the slightest difference. I am convinced, if we did not light our gas at all, that, so long as we have a metre and burners in the house, we should have a gas bill regularly presented, graduated according to the season of the year."

Whereat they all laughed, and concluded they might as well be good-humored and burn as much gas as they wanted.

We agree with Mrs. Brown, in the main. We can't burn candles; oil is disagreeable; and good gaslight is not only a luxury, but almost a necessity nowadays. But in the existing state of things New York is not one whit better off in regard to gas than London is; and we generally fancy ourselves a notch ahead of that or any other city. The London journals have recently inveighed bitterly against certain of their moneyed corporations, including gas companies, in that, having the monopoly of their business, people are compelled, as it were, to patronize them. So, also, is it in New York. Competition is a needful restraint upon the inordinate selfishness of mankind—poor human nature is so weak. Whenever that is excluded the people are forced to accept the article offered at any extortionate price demanded, or go without it. "These things ought not so to be."

Meanwhile, until the remedy is applied, we join with some unknown sufferer, in the following appeal to the Gas Companies:

Oh, makers of our gas! reflect
  What rates on us you levy;
It surely can not be correct
  Our "light" should come so "heavy!"

Blame not my verses if they halt,
  Or rhymes not quite complete are;
You ought to know how oft a fault
  Will happen to "the *metre*."

By law just ten per cent. your gains,
  You find it better answers
At twice that sum to fill your *mains*;
  You look to the *main* chance, sirs.

By artful tricks you dodge the Act,
  Which should be our reliever;
Your gas-tricks anger me—in fact,
  I'm in a *gas-trick* fever!

Give us cheap gas! you'll find it pays
  As well (I'm certain quite of it):
Gas is no trifle nowadays,
  Although we all *make light of it!*

Every body has heard the phrase, "Frightened out of your seven senses," rough and loose though it may be. Perhaps some may have wondered what the origin of it was, and queried whether originally man had seven senses, and some fearful fright capsized a couple of them. Be that as it may, some enterprising individual seems to have found one of the lost senses, or discovered a new one. This is the proof. Let there be a couple of cubical blocks of wood, of the same size and appearance, one, however, being partially filled with lead. Take them in your hand and you instantly detect the difference in weight. Not by the sense of touch, sight, taste, hearing, nor smelling. What is it then? It is said to be by the sense of *weight*. Who will discover the seventh sense?

It is often said that a good, hearty laugh is better than a dose of medicine; and certain it is that merriment has a wonderfully happy effect oftentimes upon the sick. A story is told of a young wife, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; every thing had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness.

"Try her wi' a compliment," said her husband, in a not uncomic despair.

She had genuine humor as well as he; and as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system, and as instinctive as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, and burst the abscess and was well.

Advertisements, and paragraphs of various kinds, often find their way into newspapers, in which, by the omission of a comma, or more frequently, in consequence of an awkwardly constructed sentence, the most extraordinary statements are made. For example: A newspaper states:

"A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets on which never spoke afterward."

An exchange, describing a celebration, says:

"The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

A Western paper announces:

"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

In the report of a certain School Committee the following statement occurs:

"We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

It gives one an idea of progress to see such an advertisement as this:

"WANTED—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

In this connection it may be mentioned that on the sands at Scullercoats, near Tynemouth, England, a board has been fixed, on which is inscribed the following notice:

"Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the magistrates."

We clip the following flaming advertisement for the benefit of all interested in household economy.

"WASHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A Lady having discovered a new and inexpensive method of completing a Week's Wash in Three Hours, without the aid of a washer-woman, or the use of machine or soap powders, is desirous of imparting the information to others.—Address (inclosing stamped addressed envelope), Mrs. F——, etc."

This is truly delightful! No more putting things to soak, no more wringing, no more tea with a something in it, no more smell of warm steam! All is to be done in three hours—and the things wash themselves, for there is no woman and no soap needed. Alas! that the doubting fiend should pluck us by the sleeve, just as we are about to send off the stamped directed envelope, and suggest that perhaps after all the clothes and the discovery alike "won't wash."

Apropos of this they have a method of washing in Syria, which has not yet been introduced into our country. Those ladies who have the care of this weekly vexation will be glad to know that wives are duly appreciated in *some* countries.

"According to the laws of the Greek Church, its clergy may marry *once*; but if the wife dies, they are not allowed to choose a successor. It is said, and may easily be believed, that this gains for the lady a larger amount of respect and attention than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. A gentleman residing in Syria was surprised, on entering the house of a leading priest, to find him engaged in washing the linen of the household; and on inquiring the reason of such an apparently unclerical occupation, the reverend gentleman replied: 'I do this to save my wife labor, that she may live the longer; for you know that the law of our Church does not permit me to have another, and I wish to keep this as long as I can.'"

Not long since a lady was passing along the streets in London, her dress caught upon a nail projecting from a packing-box which had been left on the sidewalk, and the result was a hideous rent, whereupon the lady, in righteous indignation, made claim for damages. The owner of the packing-box undertook to have the dress repaired, but it was not done to suit the offended lady, whereupon her husband brought suit against him for wrongfully obstructing the public highway. The unfortunate packing-box man undertook to defend himself by proving that the sidewalk was ten feet wide, and that the offending packing-box occupied only three feet on one side of it, leaving the lady an unobstructed passage seven feet wide. He claimed that this was room enough, and that it was negligence on the lady's part to run against the nail.

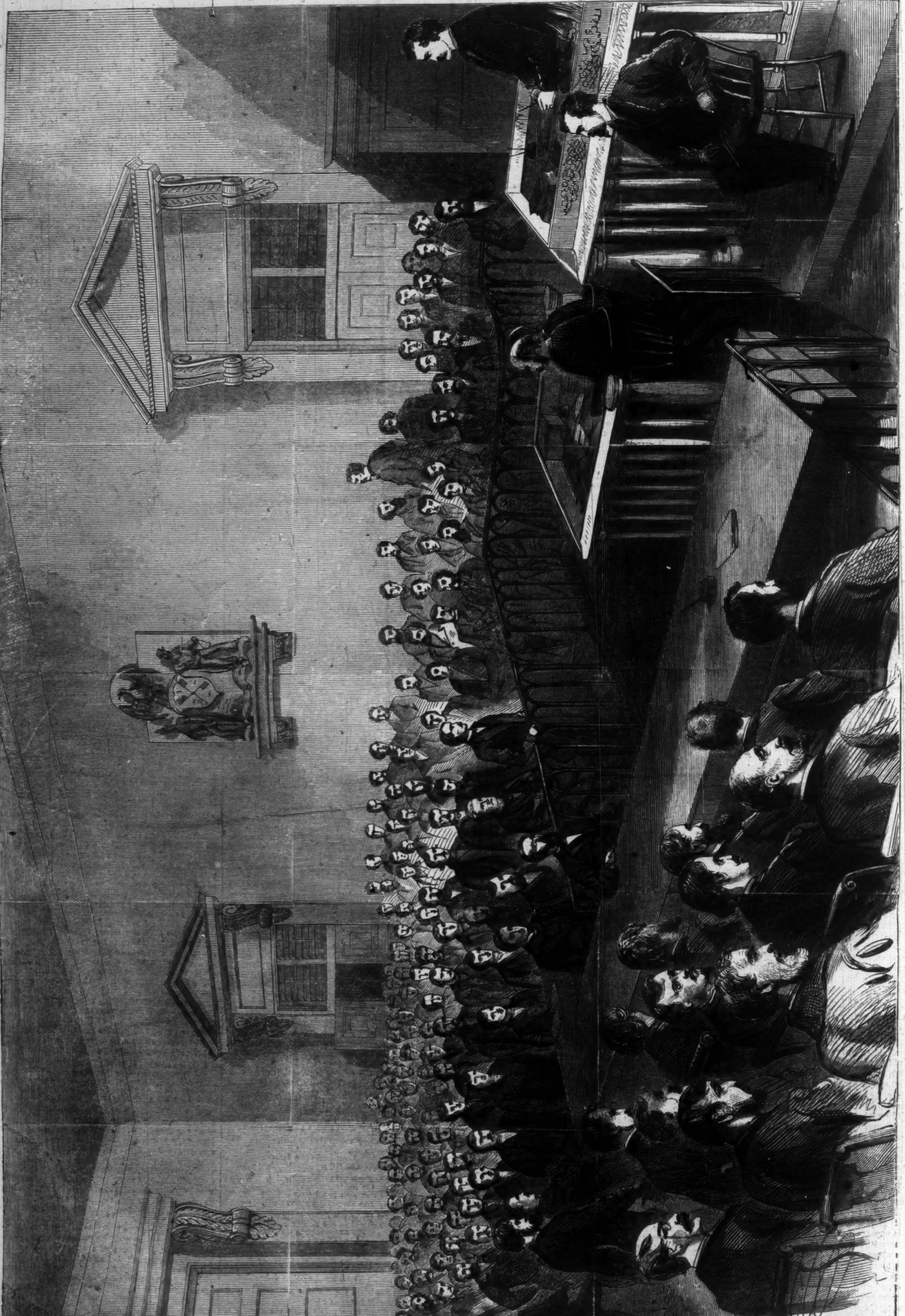
The English Court of Law held otherwise, and gave a judgment in the lady's favor for all the injuries which the dress had sustained. We don't believe that packing-boxes have any business to occupy so much space on sidewalks as they do in some parts of New York city. But the ladies of this city will be delighted to know that it will be understood henceforth that a diameter of seven feet is within the proper and legal limits of a lady's skirt.

Here is a new and interesting revelation:

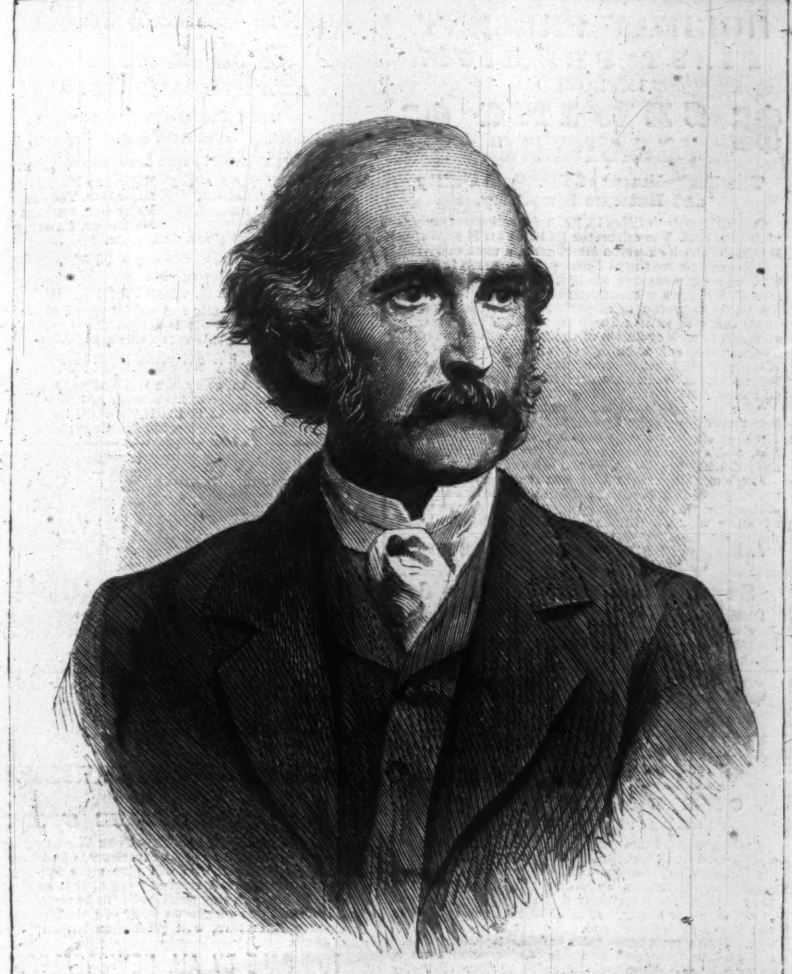
"A French savan says that Adam was a hundred and twenty-three feet nine inches tall, and Eve was a hundred and eighteen feet nine inches and three-quarters. Noah he declares was an equally large young man."

Since cooking schools have come into vogue it is believed that it will soon be *fashionable* for every lady to know *how* to cook. "Only fancy," remarks some hungry husband, "what a comfort it would be to mankind if ladies were as competent in dressing a good dinner as they generally are in dressing themselves out for one! No longer then would husbands be driven to their clubs by the dread of tough, cold mutton, and potatoes underdone. We would not wish our wife to be seen always with her apron on; but even if we were the Emperor of the French, we should wish, in case of need, that she knew how to broil a steak for us."

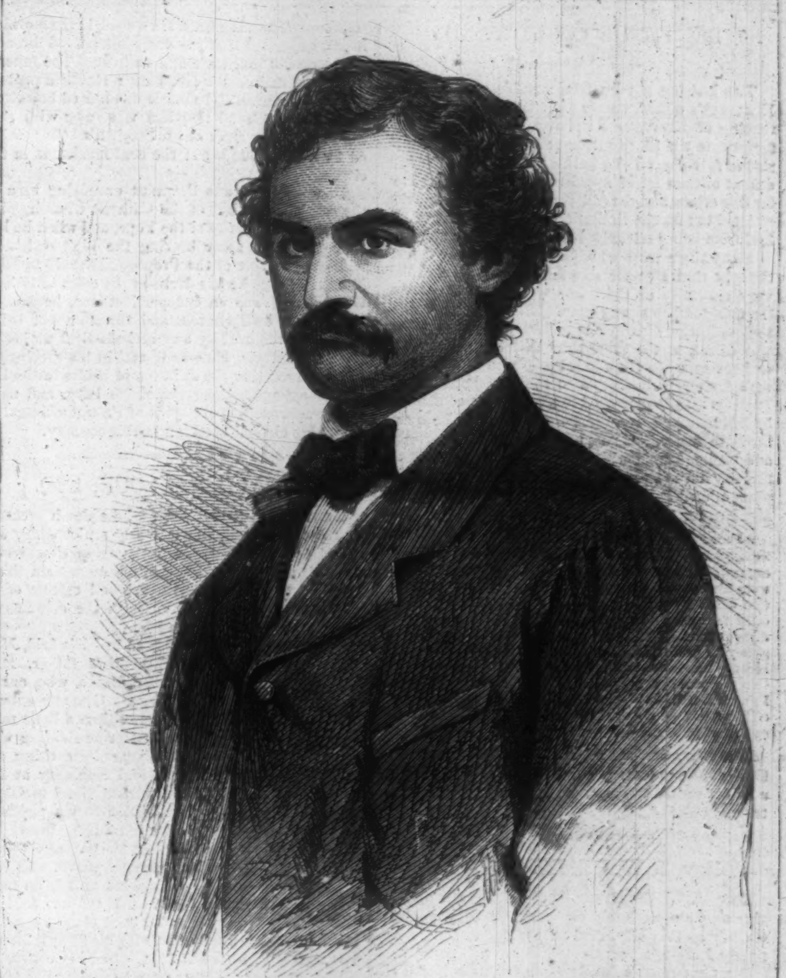
The other day a New York lady—who justly prides herself upon having every article that comes upon her table nicely cooked—remarked: "I would give a great deal if I knew *practically* how to make good bread. My bread does not suit me, and, though I understand the *theory* of bread-making, I do not know enough about it *practically* to be sure of success; so I must let my cook take her own method, though there is something wrong about it. It would not be amiss, in such a case, to waive all pride, and not mind spoiling a few batches for the sake of learning *how* to make such an important article as good bread.



RECORDER HOFFMAN SENTENCING Mr. EDWARD KETCHUM IN THE COURT OF SESSIONS, NEW YORK, December 30, 1865.—[See Page 46.]



HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE HON. HENRY WINTER DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

VICE-PRESIDENT FOSTER.

THE Hon. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, Vice-President of the United States, was born in Franklin—part of the old town of Norwich—Connecticut, November 22, 1806. He is a direct descendant of MILES STANDISH. At the age of twenty-two he had completed his collegiate education at Brown University. He then entered upon the legal profession, studying at Norwich with the Hon. CALVIN GODDARD, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1831.

Mr. FOSTER began his official political career as a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, in 1839. He held this position during that and the subsequent year; was again elected in 1846 and the two years following, and again in 1854. In 1847, 1848, and 1854 he was Speaker of the House. He had in the mean time, in 1850, received from Brown University the degree of LL.D., being at that time Mayor of Norwich.

In May, 1854, Mr. FOSTER was elected United States Senator from Connecticut for a term of six years, and at the expiration of that term, in 1860, was again elected. During his Senatorial career Mr. FOSTER served as a member of the committees on Revolutionary Claims, Private Land Claims, Public Lands, Territories, Indian Affairs, the Judiciary, and Foreign Relations, and was at one time Chairman of the Committee on Pensions. He was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate March 6, 1865, and about six weeks afterward, upon the death of President LINCOLN, he became acting Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. FOSTER is a man of quick perception, and is one of the best presiding officers in the country.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

THE death of the Hon. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, on the 30th of December, 1865, deprived the country of a very able statesman. Mr. DAVIS was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1817. He received his collegiate education at Kenyon College, Ohio, and after his graduation devoted his energies to the study of law. He grew rapidly into a very large and lucrative practice at the Maryland bar

In politics he was a Whig until the dissolution of that party, when he joined the American party, then very strong in Maryland. In 1856 he gave a warm support to Mr. FILLMORE. He had been the previous year elected to Congress, where he served on the Committee of Ways and Means. He was elected to the next Congress, and was the only Southerner who voted for Mr. PENNINGTON as Speaker.

During the war Mr. DAVIS was a strong and ardent supporter of the Union cause, and if he ever differed from the Administration it was because he thought a more radical policy ought to prevail than was adopted by the great body of the Union party. Our readers will in this connection readily recall to mind his part in the celebrated "WADE DAVIS Manifesto," which administered somewhat of a rebuke to President LINCOLN, on the ground that the latter, in his policy of reconstruction, disregarded the views of Congress. Though somewhat eccentric in his political views and conduct, Mr. DAVIS was a man of great ability, a fluent speaker, and an accomplished gentleman. His erratic course in politics probably deprived him of a large measure of the influence to which his talents entitled him. His funeral took place at Baltimore, December 31, 1865.

THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

THE LATE GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

SENTENCE OF EDWARD KETCHUM.

THE last but-not-least memorable act of Mayor HOFFMAN's official career as Recorder was the sentencing of EDWARD KETCHUM, for the crime of forgery, to the State prison at Sing Sing, for a period of four years and a half. Five years is the full extent of the time of imprisonment allowed by law for this crime, and the full penalty would have been exacted but for the limitation preventing the criminal from being released during the winter months.

Many there were who, judging from precedents, thought that a respectable family, wealth, and the very enormity of the crime would afford a cover for this derelict young man. Recorder HOFFMAN thought otherwise. His address to the prisoner was direct, at the same time that it was humane and temperate. He alluded briefly to Mr. KETCHUM's former position and to the confidence which business men had reposed in him. This confidence he had betrayed, and the consequence had been ruinous to many. He had given a shock to credit and business from which the business interests of the city did not readily recover. Referring to the pleas offered in defense by Mr. KETCHUM's friends, Mr. HOFFMAN said:

"Your friends and those who ask for you the mercy of the Court say you were laboring under a mania. But every man whose personal sympathies do not to some extent warp his judgment knows that it was no other mania than that which seizes on every man who commits a crime in order to avert a personal calamity which he can not endure to meet. If, sitting here as a judge, I should mitigate your punishment for any of the reasons assigned, or because hearts are aching and fainting, or because of my own personal sympathies with those who mourn for you, I should feel that every sentence I had passed upon a first offender had been a wrong, and that I was indeed a respecter of persons."

Mr. HOFFMAN's official integrity in his late position gives good promise of an honest and faithful administration of the city government during his term of office as Mayor.

REV J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.

REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D., whose portrait we give on page 45, lately the pastor of St. Stephen's Church in this city, died on the 4th instant, aged nearly forty-two years.

Dr. CUMMINGS's family came from the North of Ireland. He is not of Celtic descent, belonging, as he does, to one of those families whose existence in Ireland dates from the overrunning of that island by the old Scotch Covenanters under CROMWELL. He narrowly escaped being brought up a Protestant, his mother not having renounced that creed till after his birth. The family emigrated to this country in the midst of the American Revolution, and settling down in the District of Columbia. Captain WORTHY STEPHENSON, Dr. CUMMINGS's maternal granduncle, was one of the founders of the city of Washington, and was Grand Marshal of the ceremonies on the day when General WASHINGTON laid the corner-stone of the Capitol. Dr. CUMMINGS's mother was left by Captain STEPHENSON sole heiress to his large fortune, and numerous lawsuits were the consequence. These and the lady's conversion to Catholicism, which occurred very shortly afterward, caused much estrangement among the older members of the family, and the early years of Dr. CUMMINGS, who was born in Washington, April 5, 1824, were thus necessarily passed almost entirely within the restricted limits of his mother's immediate sphere, to which circumstance is due, in great measure, those habits of philosophical introspection and reflective study for which the subject of our sketch was distinguished.

After a preparatory course of training, first in New York and subsequently in a college near Nyack on the Hudson, Dr. CUMMINGS was sent to Rome—there to be fitted under the auspices of the *Propaganda* for the work of the ministry. Here he resided fourteen years, and in 1847, at the age of 23, he returned to his native country. He was stationed at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mulberry Street, from thence removed to a school-house which he had built on Twenty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, and afterward erected St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-eighth Street. At the altar, at the pulpit, in his pastoral ministrations; he was always popular and beloved by his people; and his simplicity of manners and refined amiability made him many friends outside of his denomination. In argumentative discussion the strength of his positions was only equaled by the courtesy with which he persistently maintained them. Dr. CUMMINGS was an accomplished musician, and in none of our churches can the sublime harmonies of the Catholic ritual be heard to such advantage as in St. Stephens. M'lle PICCOLOMINI and nearly all the great opera-singers have been during their stay in the city regular attendants at this church.

On Sunday, the 7th instant, after the children's mass at St. Stephen's Church, the pupils of the Sunday-schools, to the number of nearly seventeen hundred, visited the pastoral residence to look upon the features of their departed teacher and friend. At noon the relatives and a few friends of the deceased gathered together in the mortuary chapel at the residence, where a short service was recited by Dr. M'GLYNN. Then the body was robed in sacerdotal purple and borne to the church by eight bearers. Among these were one or two Protestant gentlemen, friends of Dr. CUMMINGS, to whom, in a recent social interview, he had expressed his conviction of approaching death. "But," said he, with his usual naiveté, "you must come to my funeral; we shall have some splendid music." The scene as the procession entered the crowded church was most solemn and impressive. When the body had been placed upon the catafalque, and prayers recited, Dr. M'GLYNN made a brief address. As he spoke of the great man, the good priest, and the kind friend they had lost, the entire audience was melted to tears. At the conclusion of Dr. M'GLYNN's address the congregation began passing up the aisle to view the body. From the time the congregation commenced moving until six o'clock in the morning it was computed that the mourners passed through at the rate of four thousand an hour The funeral was celebrated on the 9th, Father HECKER preaching the discourse. The music was indeed beautiful. CHERUBINI's Grand Requiem was sung with sublime effect, the choir of St. Stephen's being assisted by a large number of the best musicians in the city.

Dr. CUMMINGS was the most promising man in the American branch of the Catholic Church. He had been the favorite of the Pope, and when he left Rome he came away bearing the highest honors which the college of the Propaganda could bestow. More than once he has declined the office of bishop. His position was an independent one, he having erected his own church, and therefore not being subject to removal by any ecclesiastical authority in this country. He was liberal in his theological views, advocating the diffusion of Bibles in the English language among the entire laity, and more nearly approaching the spirit of Protestantism than any of his clerical brethren in this country.

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

GERARD HALLOCK, Esq., whose death occurred on the 4th instant, was formerly senior editor and proprietor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*—a position which he occupied for more than thirty years, commanding the respect and esteem of all who knew him, whether through the columns of his paper or in his private life.

GERARD HALLOCK was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, March 18, 1800. His father, Rev. MOSES HALLOCK, was a noted divine, who, out of four sons, sent three to college. GERARD entered Williams College in 1815, being then a little more than fifteen years of age. After graduating with honors in 1819, he spent two years in teaching, and in 1821 went to the Theological Seminary at Andover. In 1822 he opened a private school in Salem, Massachusetts, where, in addition to his pupils in Latin and Greek, he had a class in Hebrew. In 1824 we find Mr. HALLOCK in Boston, at the head of a weekly paper, the Boston *Telegraph*. In 1825 the *Telegraph* and *Recorder* were united on equal terms. Two years later Mr. HALLOCK sold his share of the paper for $7500 and bought one half of the New York *Observer*, of which paper he was sole acting editor until 1828, when his connection with the *Journal of Commerce* began.

At this time the paper, which had been in operation about a year, was in a desperate condition. Mr. ARTHUR TAPPAN had started it, and his principles were abolitionist at a time when such principles were unpopular in this State. Mr. HALLOCK was invited, under these circumstances, to enter into partnership with Mr. DAVID HALE. From that time, for the third of a century, Mr. HALLOCK devoted himself exclusively to the editorial conduct of the *Journal*. When Mr. HALLOCK assumed the charge of that paper there was great excitement in connection with revolutionary movements in progress in Europe; and the proprietors, by extraordinary effort, succeeded in anticipating all the other papers in the publication of foreign news. This contributed greatly to the wonderful success achieved by the *Journal*.

Mr. HALLOCK was an indefatigable worker. From Monday to Saturday he was steadfastly at his desk, and for a good portion of the time attended to the duties of night-editor himself, seeing the paper to press at two or three o'clock in the morning. This secured for the paper extraordinary accuracy of statement, which was noticeable in election returns. His industry has been abundantly rewarded in influence and fortune.

A few years ago Mr. HALLOCK retired from the conduct of the *Journal of Commerce*. He was a man of great sincerity, an able editor, and one of the most modest of gentlemen. It is worthy of mention that probably a hundred slaves have been emancipated through the beneficence and influence of Mr. HALLOCK.

THE last days of Ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. Letters in our possession from his physician, and from Mr. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

Extracts from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 272:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment—what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety. It is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.

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Wonderful! Wonder! —Full instructions, by which a person can master the great art of ventriloquism by a few hours' practice. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Sent by mail for $1. Address M. A. Jaggers, Calhoun, Ill.

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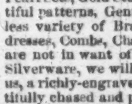

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